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DREAMS.

Calmly bright the moonbeams shine
O'er the curtains of my bed,
Restless dreams to-night are mine,
Born of hopes forever fled.
Eyes that look with love bought;
Truly, tenderly in mine,
Telling what no tongue hath said.
Oh, dear eyes I worship so,
Go not from me with my dream,
Die not in the morn's pale glow;
Else you are not what you seem,
Naught could make me leave you so.

Coldly, darkly, shadows creep
O'er the pillow at my head;
Loving eyes are ages that weep,
O'er my dream a change has spread.
Never can old joys return,
Never can dead hopes be crowned,
And though memory's lamp will burn
Dimly still, yet 'neath the ground
Every joy in life is bound.

MIZPAH.

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE.

It was a beautiful summer's day, and the boat from Calais to Dover steamed swiftly over the blue waters of the English channel. Most of the passengers were on deck, enjoying the sunshine and the crisp sea-breeze.

Leaning against the side of the vessel, watching with a kind of languid interest the crowd upon the deck, was a young man. He was fair-complexioned, with rich, curly, brown hair, and his light mustache was curled in a somewhat foreign fashion. He was dressed with the care and taste of a perfect gentleman, though the Alpine hat which he wore slouched a little over his forehead, gave him something of that dashing and romantic appearance which is generally considered by young ladies a proof of artistic genius. In truth, he was something of a painter, though he had never been obliged to work at his art for a livelihood. He had spent some years in Rome studying, and was now returning to his native England.

Suddenly the young man uttered an exclamation and lifted himself from his recumbent position. A new couple had just appeared upon deck. A beautiful girl of about seventeen or eighteen years and a tall, raw-boned, good-hearted looking maid, who watched her young mistress with the zealous eye of a terrier guarding his master's coat, and frowned dreadfully whenever any one of the male species presumed to look at her.

"By Jove! Miss Lucy Merton. How wonderfully beautiful she is!" The young man made his way as rapidly as he could to the place where she and her *chaperone* were standing.

"Miss Merton," and he lifted his hat gracefully, "I had not expected the pleasure of seeing you again."

The young girl lifted her fair face to his and a slight flush tinged her cheek. "Why, Mr. Treherne, how glad I am to see you. So you are going home too?"

"Yes."

"Art and Rome have no longer any attraction for Mr. Hubert Treherne?"

"Nor has the Parisian boarding-school of Madame Deschappelles for Miss Lucy Merton. England will seem strange to you after so long an absence," observed Hubert.

"To my knowledge I never was there," and a thoughtful look came into Lucy's face. "But I know I shall like it better than I ever did France."

"You are enthusiastic," he replied gravely, "and I hope will not be disappointed."

"It is because I am enthusiastic and love reality, not shams, that I know England will be preferred by me to a land where there is little sincerity in man or woman—none in the circles I have moved in."

"You are caustic. To what part of our happy isle may you be taking your way?" he added, with a smile which had something protective in it.

Here the watchful and suspicious maid, whom we may as well introduce to the reader as Jenny Church, coughed in a most demonstrative manner, while every feature in her face expressed dislike of the question. It was a dreadful thing any how that the gentleman had ventured to renew his acquaintance with her young mistress. They had only met him once before, on the cars in the journey from Paris to Calais. But he had behaved very politely, done numerous little favors for them, and before the end of the journey Lucy and he were quite good friends. It was scandalous.

"We are bound for a place called Trendledeep, in the neighborhood of Dartmoor, Devonshire," replied Lucy. "Jenny, if you are ill," she added calmly, though scarcely able to hide a laugh, "you had better go below."

"Trendledeep!" cried Hubert Treherne, in a startled tone. "Surely you are not going to the manor-house?"

"I am. Do you know the country?"

"Do I know my birthplace—do I know Dame Hester Mordaunt, my grand-aunt—and do I not see before me my second cousin in Lucy Merton? Strange that the idea never entered my head before."

The girl was certainly surprised; but her feelings were probably under better control than his, for she did not evince any decided emotion.

"Dame Hester Mordaunt has summoned you, I suppose, as she has done me?"

"Yes. Never before had I a letter from her; but now she bids me come, in all haste, home—and has sent Jenny Church, here present, to be my body-guard."

"And so Jenny has forgotten Hubert Treherne?" said the young man, laughing at the other's ludicrous terror and astonishment.

"Oh, sir, you are so grown, and I was but a little girl, and—and now I look at you, any one can see you are of the old stock. I know your—"

"All my belongings, no doubt," said Hubert, hastily; "but as they can in no way interest Miss Merton, we need not speak of them just now. You go direct to Devonshire?"

"It is my grandmother's wish. She bids me hurry as fast as may be consistent with my health and comfort."

"My cousin," said Hubert, with a slight degree of hesitation, "would you mind remaining one night at Dover? If you would do so, we might perform the greater part of the journey together."

"I have not the slightest objection," replied Lucy.

And thus the matter was settled, much to the annoyance of the youthful dragon, Jenny Church.

Hubert escorted them to the hotel, saw as far as he could to their comfort, and then left them.

"If it be within my power," he said, "I will join you this evening. If not, you will see me at the railway station in the morning."

That evening, after dinner, Lucy pulled a veil over her eyes, wrapped up warmly, and she and Jenny Church went out for a walk to look at the queer little town of Dover. They were just turning away from a jeweller's window into which they had been gazing, when Lucy was surprised to see, close beside her, Hubert Treherne. He was shabbily dressed, and with a look of anxiety and curiosity gazed upon her face.

But there was not an atom of recognition in his countenance, though he stared wildly and even rudely at her. For an instant the words "my cousin" were on the tip of her tongue; but he turned abruptly away, apparently dragged off by a better-dressed companion, in a sailor's coat and slouched hat.

"Was not that strange conduct, Jenny, on the part of Mr. Hubert?" said Lucy. "He certainly must have recognized us. Of course it was not my desire to speak unless he wished it; but, considering we have stopped in Dover at his request, I am surprised."

"I ain't. Queer family," growled Jenny.

"Let us return," continued the young girl, in a pained and hurt tone. "I have seen quite enough of Dover."

And Lucy walked quickly away, a strange tremor pervading her whole frame, as if some secret power had whispered to her that she had stood for a moment within the fatal shadow of her life.

Hubert Treherne did not call that evening, and in the morning they heard incidentally, that he had started in the night mail train for London. Of course he did not meet them, as he had promised, at the station.

Lucy did not give her suspicions body or form, but she had a vague idea that her cousin wished to reach their mutual destination before her. She said nothing whatever, which was a pity, or perhaps Jenny, at the expense of somewhat horrifying her mistress, might have somewhat relieved her mind.

LUCY MORDAUNT'S RESCUE.

It was evening when Miss Lucy Merton and Jenny Church arrived at the manor-house of Trendledeep. This was an antique residence; but, though ruinous in appearance at a distance, it was in admirable repair within. The family of Mordaunt, like all old families, had had its ups and downs; but quite a number of years before this story begins, Dame Hester Mordaunt had brought great wealth to Mr. Charles Mordaunt, which he had left almost wholly under her control—indeed wholly so for life—except the immediate entailed estate, which went to his only son, Edward. Even the ownership of the manor-house of Trendledeep was saddled with the condition that Dame Hester was to be mistress of it during her life.

This appeared no hardship to Edward so long as he remained single; but when he married, the stern, imperious manner of Dame Hester toward his sweet wife Leoline was more than he could bear. He took Leoline abroad on the Continent. With a cold leave-taking the mother and son parted, never to meet again in this world.

Six years later, within a few months of one another, Edward and Leoline died, leaving Dame Hester Mordaunt sole mistress of the manor-house, Trendledeep; for what was a little girl of five, whom she refused to see, and had brought up at a boarding-school in Paris, by the name of Lucy Merton, and under the charge of a Scotch lawyer and his wife established in that city?

Many in the different branches of the family had striven to curry favor with the eccentric old lady, but in vain. No one had the remotest conception of who would be heir to the broad lands and accumulated hoards of Dame Hester Mordaunt.

Though Dame Hester showed little outward sign of regret at the departure and the death of her son, yet she felt it to her very soul. As the years passed by and she became infirm, remorse for her severity of conduct preyed upon her. Probably as the beginning of a course of reparation, Lucy one day received a letter from her grandmother, in which she was directed to prepare for a journey to England, and shortly after Jenny Church appeared to *chaperone* her home.

And now, at last, Lucy had returned to the home of her ancestors. The good dame had received her with kindness, almost tenderness. Her situation seemed so altered, everything seemed so strange! As she sat in her chamber on the night of her arrival, it may be readily believed she had no inclination to sleep.

She first went to the window, and looked out upon a garden skirted by timber, which circumscribed her view completely. The garden, however, was evidently grand, with old-fashioned walks, and trees cut in the ancient style, and statues and marbles, all dimly visible by the light of the stars.

The night was not warm, but balmy, and Lucy, her taper out of sight, opened the window.

All was still and motionless, and after a few minutes of contemplation, Lucy fell into a dreamy kind of revery as to her future career. We have said that she had put her taper on one side, the better to see without. Presently, glancing her eye toward the extreme end of the garden to the left, she saw what appeared to be a turret suddenly lighted on the second floor. Then the light went out, and again appeared on the ground floor.

Lucy watched the movement listlessly. What was to her the act of some gardener in a lodge? But suddenly, as the light went out, she saw another become visible in the garden below—the light of a lantern carried by Jenny Church before Mistress Mordaunt, who moved slowly, by the assistance of a crutch and her domestic's arm. Now, like a well-conducted young lady as she naturally was, Lucy should have closed her window and gone to bed. But, as she afterward explained to herself, and many, many years after to others, she could neither move nor reason. She seemed nailed to the spot by some superhuman power, and looked as one might have done in a strange and wild dream.

Suddenly Lucy noticed that along the broad gravel walk other persons came and confronted the dame.

Jenny Church held up her lantern, and the light falling full upon him, Lucy recognized Hubert Treherne, pale, with a strange expression on his countenance, that chiefly indicated anger and fear.

"How dare you, sir," cried the loud and rather shrill voice of Dame Hester, "venture near the house to-night? You know what I told you. This must end."

And then some words were heard, which Lucy scarcely caught, but she seemed distinctly to catch the word Hubert.

"What have I done," began the person addressed, in a voice of bitter agony, but which seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the listener, "that I should neither see nor hear her? Mistress Hester, I implore you—"

And the speaker kneeled to the stern and haughty woman.

"Away, sir! We will speak of this another time; but, on your peril, come no more near the house."

The whole party now walked on, and were lost to sight in the windings of the garden, while presently lights again appeared in the lower and upper story of the tower, or other building, at the extremity of the grounds.

Lucy now appeared suddenly struck with the fact that she was doing something wholly unjustifiable, and closing her window and drawing close the curtains, seated herself to think calmly over what she had seen.

That there was some mystery she, of course, was fully aware; and that this mystery attached to Hubert Treherne was equally certain; but could this strange, wayward, hot-headed and yet earnest young man be the same calm and pleasant personage she had met with in France and journeyed on the steamboat to England with?

At all events, he was much changed, and had played the hypocrite with her most consummately.

It was, of course, strange that he should make her stay a night in Dover, and then dart off by an earlier train, as if, somehow, to forestall her; but this, she had hoped, he would explain to her satisfaction.

And now that he had come here before her, he was secreted, visiting the manor-house by stealth, as if unwelcome, and bringing down upon his head undoubted threats from the lips of the mistress of Trendledeep.

It was very strange. What did it mean? Already had a love for this young Hubert risen in her heart, a love which was deepening into a passion. But this! What was he—what had he done, thus to approach the house as a criminal or outlaw?

She lay down upon her bed, but her sleep was full of troubled dreams. The first shadows of the mystery which was to darken her young life had fallen upon her soul.

CHAPTER II.

DAME HESTER'S HEIRESS.

The next morning Lucy rose moody and unrefreshed. When she came down to breakfast she noticed that the table was laid for three. Her first idea was that Jenny Church was to officiate, but when she found herself in the place of honor, and Jenny Church waiting on them with great gravity, she felt once more a little mystified.

Jenny Church was in the act of handing some simple viand to Mrs. Mordaunt, when a door opened sharply, and some one entered the room hurriedly.

"I am sorry to be late, aunt," said the voice of Hubert Treherne, "but you know I came late. What, Lucy!" he cried, with something like amazement.

Mrs. Mordaunt looked at them with a strange expression of surprise. Lucy rose, sat down again, turned deadly pale and then red.

"You have met before?" observed Mrs. Mordaunt, in anything but a pleasant voice.

"I had no leisure, madam," began Lucy, recovering herself, "to tell you last night, that Mr. Hubert and I, crossing in the same boat, made acquaintance."

"Yes," exclaimed the young man, "and I begged Miss Merton to wait for me, and come on together from Dover; but the fates were against me."

"You have saved me the trouble of a formal introduction," resumed Mrs. Mordaunt, very quietly.

Hubert sat down at the table. Lucy, however, looked unaccountably grave and thoughtful. She was, in truth, amazed beyond her power of analysis. In what way could she account for her relative's style of meeting with Hubert on the previous night and her friendly reception now. It was very mysterious, and could be in no way reconciled by any known rule of thought or conduct.

After breakfast Hubert came up to her as she was standing alone by the window.

"I expected to find you at Trendledeep first," said Lucy, coldly. "You left Dover over night, after asking me to remain till morning."

"By Heavens, yes!" cried Hubert, coloring deeply, and showing signs of considerable confusion; "and I had no opportunity to apologise. Believe me, the reason which made me leave Dover without seeing you, was imperative in the extreme."

"And yet you had leisure to stroll in the streets of Dover, and stare over ladies' shoulders into shop-windows," replied Lucy Merton, quite gayly.

"I lounge about the streets of Dover and stare in shop-windows?" exclaimed the other in unaffected surprise. "Surely you are dreaming, Miss Merton!"

Lucy bit her lip. What was the meaning of all this mystery? Why should he hide such a trifle as this from her?

"At the same time you must allow me to ask how, and under what circumstances, you thought you saw me?" he continued, speaking very gravely.

Lucy, without the slightest hesitation, told him of her walk and its end.

"Did Jenny Church assert that she recognized me?" he asked.

"I made no observation to her."

"You are a jewel of a little woman," replied Hubert, smiling. "Now, Lucy, on my honor, you did not see me in Dover streets that night. I spent the whole evening reading and writing letters, and left by the mail train, in consequence of some strange news I received."

"Who then did I see?"

"Who and what you thought you saw," he continued with solemn earnestness, "it matters not. Let not the subject ever be mentioned again. Above all, guard my aunt from the knowledge of it. Maybe that, as in all old families, there is a mystery in ours; but that boots not. Again, as I have a soul to be saved, Lucy, you did not see me in Dover streets."

And Lucy, seeing that Dame Hester and Hubert had a secret which they did not wish communicated, made up her mind to attend to her own business.

That day at luncheon, Mrs. Mordaunt was unusually gay and sprightly. "I have lived too long in solitude," she said, "and have resolved that while I live I will be less of a recluse. This is Tuesday; on Wednesday week I give a dinner, and afterward receive in the olden style."

The whole household were astonished when the news went forth. "Such a thing has not been heard of for eighteen years, miss," said Jenny Church to Lucy.

Among the members of the family to whom invitations were sent, was Sir Vincent Mordaunt.

This gentleman had inherited at an early age a large estate and a considerable accumulation of money. But he was a hunting man, and an inveterate gambler, and had made vast inroads upon his means, to provide for his insensate love of betting, horse-racing and cards.

His position was so high, the family name so honored, that few suspected how hard he had allowed himself to be hit during the present season. His dinners were as *récherché*, his turnouts as magnificent as ever. He was seen everywhere in society, on the turf, while rumor whispered the name of a certain Aspasia *a la mode*, who cost him no end of money.

But probably this rumor was about as true as that of his coming marriage with the Hon. Blanche Clavering, the only daughter and heiress of the Dowager Countess of Bellisle.

This young lady, though a very excellent girl, and rather pretty, was a decidedly insipid blonde. She had none of the dashing qualities which a man of fashion, like Sir Vincent, would want in a wife. But then her money?

So as Blanche was a relative by marriage, Sir Vincent thought it proper to dangle after her in such a pointed way as fairly to deter others from entering the field—a course of proceeding very injurious to the prospects of any young lady. But Blanche really admired and loved her good-for-nothing seventh cousin, and Sir Vincent was intensely selfish, and so the thing went on.

When Sir Vincent received the invitation of Dame Hester Mordaunt, he was sitting at a late breakfast. His rapid appetite had been stirred up by every conceivable luxury in vain. He had lost heavily lately. He looked careworn and haggard.

Presently the door opened. His confidential adviser, Mr. Newcome Twist, glided into the room.

"Well, sir, you are late. I have waited two hours," said the baronet, pettishly.

"I am sorry, sir, to have kept you waiting, but it could not be helped. Money is scarcer and scarcer every day."

"Have you brought the cash?" cried the baronet, fiercely.

"Yes, Sir Vincent," replied Newcome, wiping his hot face with his silk handkerchief, "I have; but it is the last—absolutely the last—unless something turns up, or you marry Lady Blanche."

"Do you mean to say," asked the baronet, "that I am in reality a ruined man?"

"No, Sir Vincent; you have youth, health, a title, an estate very much encumbered, but with a very pretty residence, and most men in your place would rise by matrimony."

Sir Vincent made a wry face.

"Newcome, are things really as bad as you make them out to be?" he asked.

"Quite, sir. The money-lenders all shake their heads."

"Then I suppose something must be done. Marriage is such a burlesque ending," he added, musing.

"Much better than bankruptcy."

"By the way, here is a letter from that old, wild place where my Uncle Charles's widow lives—the woman who killed her son, or something, and is so monstrously rich—and, I should also venture to say, old."

"Rich! Why, sir, she's a wonder. That woman rolls in gold. Who knows—"

"Ah!" cried Sir Vincent, "an invitation to spend a few days; and an earnest request to be down next Wednesday in time for dinner."

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Newcome Twist. "Be sure, she is going to make her will and leave you everything."

"Strange—she never noticed me before, except a word or two now and then when we met. I thought she saw nobody—gave no invitations."

"She has not asked anybody to stay and dine for eighteen years, my lord—I mean Sir Vincent. Rely upon it, the letter is the forerunner of good news."

"By Jove, I'll go," said Sir Vincent. "After all, it's only a week wasted; and if the old girl leaves me a thousand or two, it will pay."

On the day of the dinner, Lucy was in the garden. Several ladies and gentlemen, strangers to her, were going over the grounds. Anxious to meet no one until introduced by the mistress of the house, she slipped down a narrow path, and found herself face to face with two gentlemen, very showily dressed.

"A Devon goddess, upon my soul," said one.

"Certainly charming," replied his companion. "Whither away so fast, pretty maiden?"

Lucy, whose simple attire made them take her for one of the domestics, ran the chance of a chase. However, as she did not answer, but moved rapidly away, Sir Vincent Mordaunt and his friend Fang

Fitz Harris did not molest her further, but only laughed rudely, and walked away to where the Countess Bellisle and Blanche Cavering were in conversation with Hubert Treherne.

"Vincent," said the elder lady, taking his arm, and leading her future son-in-law apart, "what is the meaning of this affair? Mrs. Mordaunt, to whom I have not spoken for a year, who never saw Blanche before, is all of a sudden taken with an access of affection, and asks all her relatives to spend a few days. In the evening, I am told, there will be a perfect gathering of the clan."

"It is strange," observed Sir Vincent, sullenly.

"It is most singular. Everybody, somehow or other, is a near or collateral heir; yourself the nearest, Pauncefoy Mordaunt, the lawyer, myself, Hubert Treherne, the Mordaunts, of Cheshire—a Sir John, wife and four fat daughters. What can she be going to do—make her will, and die off, or what?"

"I am wholly in the dark," said the baronet.

But the secret was soon to be disclosed. That evening, when the whole company was collected in the drawing-room waiting for dinner, Mrs. Mordaunt entered, leaning upon the arm of Lucy Merton.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, looking around her with something of the pride and haughtiness of her olden days, "my daughter and only child, Lucy Merton Mordaunt, *sole heiress of the old house.*"

A bombshell would have created less real excitement, but everybody was born and bred of the world. For an instant there was an icy silence, and then all burst forth into a chorus of congratulation.

Lucy tottered, and, but for Hubert, would have fallen to the ground, so great was her amazement.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW HEIRESS.

It may readily be imagined that this sudden, unexpected and very unwelcome announcement created a degree of surprise, which might almost be called consternation, among the whole party, though every one strove to conceal all feeling except that of unmixed satisfaction. Every voice was raised in loud congratulation, and many had waited to see if the dame would select any one to take the confused and blushing girl down to dinner.

She, however, quietly seated herself near the baronet with the four unmarried daughters, and began a general conversation as to crops and rents, leaving every one else to find their own position.

Whether by design or accident, the person who was nearest to the timid young *debutante* was Hubert Treherne, and he very naturally spoke to her.

"Did you know this?" he asked, in a grave tone.

"It has surprised no one so much as myself," replied Lucy, looking down upon the ground. "My grandmother never even acknowledged me before to-night. I feel overwhelmed. Besides, I have no right to this—she intended it for you at last."

"Never! 'tis much better as it is. If you had not got it, Sir Vincent Mordaunt would—a handsome young man, of excellent lineage, but a spendthrift. He made sure of it; his face now shows it. In Vincent Mordaunt you have already a bitter enemy."

"Money is truly a curse," continued the young girl, thoughtfully, "when it rouses in human beings such sentiments as these."

"No, in worthy hands money is an excellent and pleasant thing—in yours, for instance; though I fear when you come to marry you will make one man happy and a hundred miserable."

"Marriage can never give me unalloyed happiness now," she said, thoughtfully; "every suitor will, in my eyes, be a candidate for my wealth—nothing else."

"Ah! Lucy," he whispered, "do not let your better nature be warped by such barren impulses. There are many men who will regret your wealth, as causing you to doubt them. No true man will be influenced one way or the other by the most glittering prospect you may attain to. You will be loved for yourself, Cousin Lucy."

"Hubert Treherne, dinner is ready. Will you conduct Miss Mordaunt?"

They started. During their rather earnest colloquy the butler had come in, and the guests were filing off. Lucy looked very much confused, while Hubert Treherne could scarcely repress a smile, as he saw a slight scowl on the face of Sir Vincent Mordaunt.

The dinner was magnificent, and as the dishes passed round and the wine began to flow, every one thawed a little, adjourning any discussion of their hostess's conduct to a more fitting opportunity. The dinner passed off well, and when Dame Mordaunt retired with the ladies from the table, the men were quite enthusiastic and generous.

But when the older baronet took the vacated seat, there was first a lull, and then all began to discuss, very openly and sharply, the strange conduct of the lady.

"I don't see what she has given us all this trouble for," said Sir Vincent Mordaunt. "As heir-at-law in case this mysterious young person had not turned up so *apropos*, I feel a little grieved."

"My aunt doubtless has good reasons for what she has done, Sir Vincent," observed Hubert, dryly. "She will be sure to prove what you probably consider a mere assertion."

"I have no doubt it is all right," half sneered the *roue*. "You yourself must feel rather diddled, since a favorite nephew might well have been selected as her heir. But, then, from signs and portents, I suppose you look upon the reversion as certain."

"Sir Vincent Mordaunt, when one gentleman addresses another, a misconstruction may soon take place when motives are insinuated. I scarcely know my cousin. All I can say is, that I heartily wish her joy of her good fortune."

And with that he turned to one who, having had scarcely any hope, felt no disappointment, with whom for some time he continued a conversation, and then, when he found himself unnoticed, rose up and joined the ladies.

As carriages were rolling in very fast, and the sound of music penetrated to the dining-room, the rest soon followed, the most perverse bacchanalian appearing too eager for the fray to be faithful to the wine.

As they entered the splendid suite of rooms, they saw the Lady Blanche standing up by an open piano, before which sat Lucy, while Hubert was waiting to turn the music. The Lady Blanche, who was perhaps more thoroughly but honestly disappointed than any one else in the room—having hoped that Sir Vincent would be the fortunate selection, when their marriage would probably be immediate—was about to sing to the other's accompaniment.

She had no belief that so young a woman, a mere French school-girl, would be able to do her justice; and she expected some kind of triumph. But the first bar satisfied her that she had found a consummate musician. Blanche had a sweet and plaintive voice, which was enhanced by the able assistance of the other, and when she ceased the applause was loud and general.

The Lady Blanche bowed and retired, quite satisfied with one trial. She did not go far, but seated herself near at hand on hearing the words of Hubert Treherne.

"Will you sing now?" he said, "or presently, Lucy?"

She smiled, turned over a few leaves, and began a prelude, which indicated a rather ambitious effort. All the *habitues* of the opera smiled pityingly, and the room was filling full, but when she began to sing, a silence still and profound fell upon the apartment.

A loud murmur of applause greeted this effort, while Sir Vincent Mordaunt bit his lip, and muttered between his set teeth, "A singing woman, a confounded singing woman," loud enough for several persons to hear and repeat the words to Dame Hester Mordaunt, or, as other people began now to call her, Lady Hester, which she was in her own right as heiress of her father, the soulless earl.

"I tell you what," he said, presently, to his friend and toady, the Honorable Fang Fitz-Harris, "This is a plant—a regular do. That girl is no more the legal heiress of Trendledeep Manor than you are."

"Suppose so. What must we do, then?"

"I am in a deuced fix. If I return to London without a shadow of hope that I may inherit, I must rusticate. There are two courses open to me—to prove her an impostor, or marry her."

"You will find either course difficult."

"I do not know, Fred. The old lady has some motive in calling us together, depend upon it. Her doctors have probably prepared her for the end, and as soon as the excitement is over she will die. Either she has made her will or not. If she has not executed it properly, I must declare she is an impostor; if she has—why, I must swallow the golden pill."

"In the meantime Lady Blanche and her mamma are watching us with no great good-will. All bow at the new shrine."

"Good," said Sir Vincent, and walked across to his cousin, who awaited him with an exemplary patience that before marriage seemed wonderful.

"Well?" she asked.

"I suppose you allude to that young person. Too dramatic, too stagey for me; don't believe she is a Mordaunt at all. Got-up affair to oust me in a friendly way."

"Vincent," replied Blanche, in a cautious and low whisper, "do not talk in that absurd way. You are getting quite theatrical yourself."

"Not a bit. That girl has been on the stage. I'll swear to it, and find people who have seen her. I am not going to be done out of a fine inheritance, Blanche, by one who has no claim whatever to it."

"Have you any grounds," replied Blanche, quite grateful for this advance, which, by the way, was more confidential than affectionate, "for your monstrous assertion?"

"You shall see. I meant to go away to-morrow, but I won't. I'll stop and watch, and you shall see. Here she comes, like a tragedy queen—took her for a lady's maid. I must do homage."

Lucy approached, leaning on one arm of Hubert Treherne, while Lady Hester held his right.

"Madam," said the baronet, "I beg to congratulate our family on the acquisition of one whose dignity and beauty impressed me at once."

"In the garden, when you stopped me and called me 'my dear,' you and your friend yonder," replied Lucy, with just a spice of malice in her soft tone. "Truly, you might have taken me for one of the tire-girls, and as I suppose you wanted a" (a general titter made the baronet writhe) "flower; take one," she continued, handing him a rose from her bouquet.

She then passed on, leaving Sir Vincent pale with rage and mortification.

"That tinsel tragedy air was never learned at a boarding-school," he said, to hide his mortification. "One might fancy her a pupil of Rachel's."

And, having left this sting to rankle as it might, he moved away, twisting his mustache, and divided in his own heart between admiration and hate.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INTERVIEW.

Lady Hester Mordaunt, now that she had screwed her courage to the decisive point, allowed no half measures to check her in her career. Lucy was next day mistress *de facto* of the house, the elder lady gracefully resigning an authority which was a burden to her.

The festivities continued, calls were made and returned, while Lucy received more invitations than by any possibility she could accept.

There remained at Trendledeep but a certain number of privileged guests, Sir Vincent, Lady Bellisle and Blanche, the Hon. Frederick Fang Fitz-Harris, and Hubert, who was of great assistance both to the dame and her granddaughter.

The third day, unable to bear the bitter disappointment he had endured, Sir Vincent retired with his friend and valet, followed immediately by his relatives, Blanche and her mother.

At the end of a week Hubert was alone in the house with the mistress and Lucy. He, too, began to give hints of wanting to go; hinted at Rome and his studio, and was eternally fixing a day for his departure.

One morning Hubert was alone with his aunt, and made some allusions of the kind.

"I am sorry," she said, gravely, "that England cannot content you, and that you must be hankering after foreign travel, and, I suppose, foreign society and women. Rolling stones gather no moss. You had much better stay at home and help Lucy in her new life. She will want friends when I am gone."

"I will stay. My feelings misgave me. I supposed, perhaps, that you were weary of me—and I had outstayed my welcome, as old fashioned people say."

"Never! There is work enough for us all. I have my allotted task in this world—you and Lucy have yours. Be not only cousins, but friends, and help one another," she continued, solemnly.

"I will do as you wish."

"And now, once and forever, take an old woman's advice, who has seen something of the world: beware of Sir Vincent Mordaunt. That man is as dangerous as a wild beast—more so, because he is more cunning and wicked. I had heard much of him, and hence asked him here that I might know him better. He came flushed with the hope of being my heir—he went away a bitter and fierce enemy to poor Lucy. I have raised her a foe there I would gladly conciliate; but it is too late. You must strive all you can to guard her against him."

"What can he do? What can I do?" asked the young man, rather puzzled.

"He already denies her identity, asserts that Lucy is some singing woman I have foisted on the family, and may, when I am dead and gone, strive to prove his words."

"But of what avail can such a mere assertion be?"

"Sir Vincent is desperate, which, perhaps, makes him a bad man. He is on the verge of ruin, and will stick at nothing to win for himself such a prize as would enable him to lord it again for a time amid his dissolute associates."

"You have indeed given me a reason for remaining," replied Hubert, musing; "and yet I do not exactly see what I can do."

"Wait awhile," continued the old lady, with a meaning smile. "I dare say the right line of conduct will suggest itself in time. Lucy is waiting for a ride."

And the grave mistress of Trendledeep sent her nephew away, considerably perplexed as to her real meaning, to enjoy the society of his cousin, which was becoming every day more dearly dangerous.

Hubert was by no means a despiser of wealth. In his vagabond and artistic career he had often found occasions when a further supply of the world's dross would have been very welcome; but now he began to feel himself craving for money in a way he had never understood before.

He longed to be rich, began to have day-dreams, and to speculate in the dreary regions of the unknown as to what might happen.

The fact was, he was in love, and in love with Lucy, the heiress of the family estates and honors.

Now, this would have seemed very pleasant and natural toward his poor little obscure cousin, Lucy Merton, but was wholly out of place when he recollected that she was now Miss Mordaunt.

Still he remained her devoted attendant—rode by her side, pointed out all the principal features on the estates, initiated her in the mystery of boundaries, and was her head dispenser of charities and good works.

Hubert was a good walker, and this was an accomplishment which Lucy, despite her foreign education, often indulged in, so that they often strolled along the banks of a dashing stream, which ended in a more placid river, by a path which led to the village across a rustic bridge.

Sometimes Lucy, in the middle of the day, would go this road alone to call on the parson's daughter, while Hubert went on some mission for the dame. She scarcely ever did so but she saw perched upon a tufty hillock a man who appeared to devote the whole of his energies to angling. His back was to Lucy, his rod cast up the stream with monotonous energy, while, even when the young girl was within five yards of him he never turned round, or appeared conscious of her presence.

Lucy got quite used to him at last, and when she reached a stile about fifty feet farther on would stop and turn round, to see him steadily continuing his patient whipping of the water.

About two months after her installation as mistress of the manor-house, one splendid afternoon, Lucy strolled down toward the village where Hubert was to meet her on his return from Plymouth. It was a magnificent day, and the ripe maturity of tree and flower, with the ever-recurring song of birds, made the way doubly pleasant.

It was the heat, however, which made Lucy pause and look around, and finally seat herself upon a rural bench to rest and gaze upon the pleasant prospect.

Steps roused her, and ere she was aware of his proximity, Sir Vincent Mordaunt stood before her. His countenance was slightly mocking in its expression, his face a little haggard, and his whole mien that of one bent on something like a desperate errand.

"Good-day, Miss Lucy Mordaunt," he said, with a strong emphasis on the name. "Following a pleasant occupation—that of taking stock of your future greatness?"

"I am enjoying a solitary walk," she replied, coldly. "If you wish to see grandmamma, she is at home."

"My business is with you, and you alone, at present, Miss Mordaunt. I have come down from London purposely to see you. Pardon me if I detain you—my words will be few, and to the purpose."

Lucy sat still, looking down upon the ground, and wondering in her own mind what the baronet could have to say to her.

"You are aware, I suppose, that according to all received notions of inheritance, I am the sole legal heir of the house of Mordaunt."

"I have been told so."

"Lady Mordaunt's husband and son, in some moment of temporary hallucination, I should think—"

"You are speaking of my grandfather and father," she coldly interrupted.

"Well, we will say they strangely enough diverted the old entail, and left the entire disposal of this large property to a woman. Nothing more unnatural was ever executed in England. Well it was done, and the matter could not be helped. Still, Lady Mordaunt was an excellent mistress—brought money and lands to the old property, and raised it in time to a fine estate, which I have been brought up to consider my property."

"Indeed, sir. Did my grandmother ever promise it?"

"No; but she hinted on many occasions that not a penny should be diverted to the female branch—that a descendant of the old Mordaunts should have all."

"Well, sir."

"Now you step in with your stately mien and haughty beauty, and Lady Hester presents you to us all as the granddaughter of Charles Mordaunt, the child of the long dead Edward, and boldly announces that you are to take all."

"My grandmother has a right to do as she likes with her own."

"Yes. But whence come you? Where have you been all the time? Why has there been a mystery so long, and why does the mistress of Trendledeep call together her friends to witness a theatrical display, and to be told you are the heiress?"

"You should ask her, sir."

"No! I ask you, beautiful demon!" cried the baronet, hotly. "When I left this house it was with rage in my heart. I had suffered a cruel deception, and felt it heavily; but absent from your presence another influence came over me, another feeling gained mastery of my heart, and I felt that though you were my natural enemy I could not but love you. Lucy, I have come to make a truce, and offer you my hand, my heart, my rank and fortune."

"Sir Vincent Mordaunt," replied Lucy, rising with a burning cheek, and eyes that flashed contempt and scorn, "you speak in a manner unworthy of yourself. Why not tell the truth? You see no way of overthrowing my grandmother's will, and so to win the estate you are willing to take the encumbrance. I ought to be grateful, but I am not. Your offer is a cold, deliberate insult, which I reject as unhesitatingly as you have made it."

She would have passed with these words; but, standing before her with a glance that was demoniac-like in its expression, he clutched her by the wrist.

"You refuse me, girl? I offer peace, and you prefer war! Well, be it so—war to the knife. And do not think my threat an idle one. I will sooner or later hurl you from your false and proud eminence. My own opinion is that, to spite her husband's family, Lady Mordaunt has palmed upon us some opera-singer, picked up Heaven knows where—perhaps in the gutter—as her granddaughter. This idea was a flash of genius on my part. Already have I agents in Paris at work, striving to trace your real origin. Be persuaded that, once I have a clue, I will follow it up—I will trace it to its source, and the law shall decide whether an impostor can defraud the true Mordaunts of their rights."

"Unhand me, coward," said Lucy, who listened to him with a wild expression of horror and terror. "Were I the child of the meanest ballet-master of a boulevard theatre, I were too good to be insulted by one like you. Unhand me, sir, I say, or I will strike you!"

"Pooh! foolish girl—you must and shall hear me. Even now I am ready for peace. Promise to be mine, and we will enter the manor-house friends."

"Never, coward! woman-striker! I will expose you in every house in the county."

"Beware, girl! There are others who may suffer for your obstinacy."

"Leave me—unhand me!"

"Never, until we have had a final understanding. One word—"

"One for his nob!" said a husky voice, and the baronet measured his length on the ground, struck down by a blow on the head from the thick part of the silent fisherman's rod. "Bother your noise—you've frightened the fish away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CUBAN PATRIOT;

OR,

THE PILOT AND THE SPY.

A STORY

Founded upon the romantic realities of the present bitter struggle in "The Gem of the Antilles."

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPECTRE YACHT," "THE MASKED SPY," "THE SURF ANGEL," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds a day.
—*Shakspeare's Macbeth.*

Through the long hours of that stormy night, Leon Delmont paced in sleepless solitude his chamber floor, his thoughts a chaos of conflicting emotions.

Elinor had wept herself to sleep in Faustine's room, and fearful of awaking her wearied and sorrowing guest, the lovely Cuban had thrown herself upon the divan to rest, while the senora, in thankfulness to God, had knelt hour after hour in prayer.

Noel Dunbar sunk into a deep, dreamless repose, almost as soon as his head touched the pillow, and he knew nothing of the continued howlings of the tempest, until Dido awakened him the following morning, with the request that he would join his young master and Colonel Alvarez upon the beach, whither Leon had gone at the first break of day.

Making a hasty toilet, and not forgetting to resume his Spanish disguise, Noel walked down to the beach, and was pleasantly greeted by the two gentlemen who were awaiting him.

"The ladies are not yet ready for breakfast, colonel, and in the meantime I concluded you would like to join us here," said Leon.

"Yes, especially as no better time could there be for me to make known to you both a most sad occurrence. Colonel Alvarez, you have an officer in your command by the name of Captain Felipe Moreno?"

"I have; and strange to say, he has not been seen or heard from since early last evening," returned the colonel, pleasantly.

"Well, sir, he is a deep-dyed scoundrel; but without entering particularly into his sins against me and mine, I will now relate to you circumstances that will prove my words."

Noel Dunbar then went on to relate of his having first met Captain Moreno at his old family home in Maryland, "for I am," he said, "as you have doubtless perceived, not a Spaniard by birth."

He told of the villainy of Felipe Moreno, and that he had come to Cuba, and entered the service in the hope that he might cross the path of the betrayer of his sister's happiness and life.

"You are then an officer in a volunteer regiment? I thought I recognized your uniform as such," said Colonel Alvarez.

"Yes, sir, I command volunteers," returned Noel evasively, and then he continued to tell of his meeting with the captain at Seaside Rest, his again coming in contact with him upon the roadside, the escape of the Spaniard, and then the cowardly assassination of Iiervan Alvento.

"Alvento dead! Curses light on him for this," exclaimed Leon, while Colonel Alvarez, scarcely less moved than the Cuban, said vehemently,

"With my own hand will I slay the cowardly assassin and traitor."

"Pardon me, gentlemen, the game's afoot, and 'tis mine, so I beg you'll not interfere," interrupted Noel Dunbar.

"You certainly have the better right; proceed, sir," and Colonel Alvarez and Leon were again all attention.

"Now I have nothing more to say upon the matter. After breakfast I must beg an interview with your sister, Señor Delmont, to keep my promise to the dying man, and then important business calls me away; and as I now have Señor Alvento's horse, mine having been taken by Moreno, I must ask one of you."

"The stables are at your service, Colonel Aguero. Now, gentlemen, let us go up to the mansion," and Leon led the way.

Pale and distressed-looking, but composed, Elinor Vanloo met and thanked the savers of her life, and joined them at breakfast.

After the meal was concluded, Leon bade his sister to enter the parlor, where Noel desired to see her upon a most painful matter.

Hard indeed was the blow upon the poor maiden, when she learned that the man whose love she had refused but the day before was then cold in death, and bitter was her grief, as was that of Señora Delmont when she also learned from Leon the fatal news.

Soon after Noel, mounted upon a superb horse, a present from Leon Delmont, rode slowly and sadly away from that house of mourning, and directed his course toward the mountains, wherein was encamped the army of the patriots.

Behind him he left a pall of gloom, for the body of Captain Vanloo having been found, was laid out in the parlor, where it was sorrowfully attended by the devoted daughter; while the remains of Iiervan Alvento were brought from his bachelor home and placed in the sitting-room at Seaside Rest to await burial.

The following day all that was mortal of Captain Vanloo and Iiervan Alvento, found a final resting-place in the family burying-ground of the Delmonts; while beneath the shadow of the distant headland were laid the bodies of the Tampa's crew, where the roar of the surf and moan of the ocean should sing their eternal requiem.

After the burial, days and days glided by at Seaside Rest, without any great change to its inmates, for no stirring scenes of strife were enacted in the neighborhood.

The command under Colonel Alvarez had been increased by the addition of a battery of artillery and an infantry battalion, and scouting parties were daily scouring the country in pursuit of bands of patriots that frequently raided into the Spanish lines; but no matter how certain the troops of Spain were of capturing the raiders, they invariably escaped, and generally carried back with them stores and munitions of war intended for the enemy.

That there were spies in their neighborhood and in their very midst, Colonel Alvarez and his officers felt assured; but upon whom to fasten the guilt they were at a loss, so they were compelled to show the end of disappointment, and put up with their defeats.

Scarcely a day or an evening passed that the Spanish colonel was not a visitor at Seaside Rest; and enemy though he was, he was warmly welcomed by all, as his gentle manners and noble soul had won upon the inmates in such a way that he was considered in the light of an honored friend.

Elinor Vanloo was each week becoming more cheerful, and, entering into the even tenor of the ways of the household, became as one of the family, the senora treating her as a dearly-loved daughter, and Faustine as a sister.

Between the beautiful Spaniard and Leon there existed a most passionate love, and easily won over to the youth's patriotic views regarding the freedom of the "ever faithful isle," and the tyranny of Spain, she soon became a secret admirer of the patriot cause, and entered heart and soul into every plan of Leon's for his country's good.

Smile not, dear reader, that love, all powerful, had made a traitor of the Spanish beauty, and caused her to become willing to reverse the order of things and allow a proud daughter of Spain to yield to a lord of Cuban soil.

As for Faustine, she loved and hoped in silence, and each day but increased her deep adoration for Noel Dunbar, from whom she had not heard since the morning he told her of the death of poor Iiervan, and had asked to keep the locket he had promised to return—and, had kept it.

Yes, she had heard of him; and from Spanish sources often came the report that the daring insurgent, Colonel Dunbar, was harassing their troops night and day by his bold raids into their lines.

Thus the days passed away at Seaside Rest, until three months went by after the wreck of the Tampa, and in that time Colonel Alvarez had been taken captive by the bright eyes of Faustine Delmont, whom he loved with the entire strength of his noble nature.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GUERILLA BAND.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

When Noel Dunbar found Captain Moreno rushing upon the defenceless Iiervan, and fired quickly to prevent the death-blow from descending, the bullet, as I have before stated, merely grazed the temple of the Spaniard, felling him to the earth, and for the moment stunning him.

Becoming conscious, after a short time, and hearing the sound of voices, he looked up carefully and discovered that there was a possibility of his escape, by seizing the horse of Noel Dunbar.

Springing to his feet, he succeeded, as the reader has seen, in making off safely, mounted upon a good horse, and still possessing his arms.

A coward at heart, he dare not return to his command, knowing that Noel Dunbar, whom he still believed in the service of Spain, would track him to his regiment, expose his murderous act, and at the same time make him answer for his conduct toward his sister.

For a moment he thought of deserting to the side of the Cubans; but then he felt certain his previous acts of cruelty toward them would cause his instant execution, which fate his crimes well merited at their hands.

And should he even be spared by them, he had little confidence in their ultimate success, and then death would certainly overtake him as a deserter.

"No, I have but one course, and as an outlaw it must be at once acted upon. There are guerillas, making war upon both Spaniard and Cuban, and in such a band I can soon reach the position of a leader, and then I will fly the country. The die is cast, and ho for the band of the mountain guerillas."

Thus deciding, Felipe Moreno turned his horse into the depths of the forest, and rode along at a rapid gait for many miles.

By daylight he had arrived in the heart of a mountain range, or rather spur, where there was known to exist a robber band, under a ferocious leader, who made war upon both parties alike.

Hardly had he entered the mountain fastnesses when he descried coming toward him half a dozen savage-looking fellows, who surrounded and commanded him with their guns in a few seconds.

Holding up his arms in token of no hostile demonstrations being intended, the robbers approached him, and he asked to see their leader.

Conducting him about a mile further into the wild scenery the guides brought him to a broad plaza, forming a kind of shelf upon the side of the mountain, and with half a dozen apertures in the hillside, which he discovered were the openings or mouths of caverns.

In front of these were some thirty men, wild and rough-looking, and attired in every style of costume imaginable, from the light suit of the Cuban planter to the gorgeous uniform of the Spanish general, and modest attire of the patriot soldier.

"Ha, my devils, you are the right material; just what I need to work my ends," muttered Felipe Moreno, as his eye fell on the group of robbers.

Seeing his approach, a man, distinguished from the others by his gigantic proportions, dress and general appearance, came up to him, and said in a tone half satirical, half humorous—

"Well, my fine gentleman, to what lucky circumstance am I indebted for the honor of your company in my mountain home?"

"Are you he that is called The Don?" asked the Spaniard, as he gazed into the intelligent, daring face of the man before him.

"I am The Don."

"Good! I have come to throw in my lot with you."

"What did your sponsors give you in the way of an appellation when you were baptized?" asked the Don in a tone of sarcasm.

The Spaniard colored, and for a moment was silent, but then said—

"I am known as Captain Felipe Moreno."

"Whew! you are Moreno? Tell me then, captain mine, why hast thou left the shelter of thine own camp fires to seek a life in the mountains among men who wear their necks always bared for the *garote*?"

"It is more satisfactory to live in the mountains as a robber, than to die on the plains as a soldier."

"Thou hast astonished thy lips by delivering them of a truth—the first, I warrant me, unless by accident, that thy tongue has wagged since thou wert old enough to lie; but a truce to this bantering. I was once an officer of Spain, higher in authority than thou wilt ever be, and fled to this life because city air was oppressive to one who could live there only in a dungeon. Why thou art here I know not, care not, but just in time is your arrival to win promotion. I need an officer, and from what I know from hearsay of Felipe Moreno, you are my man. But I need proof of this ability. Hark ye, I was about ordering an execution, upon a man who deserted from us some time ago, and whom we have just retaken. We use the sword here for executions; dismount, take my keen blade; yonder is the criminal; let him kneel before you, and, mind you, let it be a clean sweep, for I wish no job-work in cutting a fellow's head off."

Felipe Moreno had listened to the strange man before him with feelings he could not express, and the thought came over him that he had placed himself in a trap from which there was no retreat.

His cruel deeds were notorious; and yet, when called upon to win promotion by slaying a man in cold blood, to become the executioner of one who had never harmed him either in thought, word or look, he felt a horror that was hard to conceal.

But determined to press forward in the race to the goal of iniquity, he nerved himself for his revolting task, took the keen blade of the Don, and swept it in bright circles around his head, as if to get his hand in practice. Then stepping forward, he said:

"I am ready, chief; lead me to the man."

Telling him to follow him, the Don led him through the crowd of bandits, who gave way right and left, and conducted the Spaniard to a spot where a man was kneeling on the ground, his eyes bandaged and hands bound behind him.

"There is the man, now to your work," coolly said the guerilla leader, and though pallid and trembling, Felipe Moreno stepped forward, measured his distance, gave the keen weapon one sweep through the air, and with mighty force it descended upon the bared neck, severing the head from the body.

"Nobly done, my gallant captain; you have not been maligned when people called you a brute. Hear, ye devils all! this gentleman is my lieutenant; let him be treated as such;" and at the words of the chief, a loud cheer echoed through the mountains, for the Spaniard had proven himself well worthy to become a member of their wild band.

Thus it was that Captain Felipe Moreno, one of Spain's trusted officers, became an outlaw, and at once set about his plans for the revenge which he was determined to take upon those that had once been his friends.

The Don entered into all of his vile lieutenant's schemes, and after the Spaniard had been a few months in the band and had shown his willingness to dye his hand in any deed of criminality, he allowed him to take a body of picked men and depart upon a mission of wickedness scarcely equalled in the annals of human depravity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ABDUCTION.

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And, after summer, ever more succeeds
Bare winter with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.
—*Shakespeare's Henry VI.*

Assuredly Colonel Leandro Alvarez was in love, and with the beautiful Cuban rebel.

Often did he visit the mansion, and without preamming, he won Faustine's almost constant companion; for without loving the Spaniard, she admired and respected him greatly, and was fond of his society.

As for the warm heart of the fair maiden, it was far away in the mountain camp of the patriots, with Noel Dunbar, whose gallant deeds each day came to her ears, and filled her with a joyful pride.

At length the moment came, when Leandro Alvarez told his love to Faustine Delmont.

It was one pleasant afternoon that he rode over to the Rest and found the maiden in the parlor alone, and in a few impassioned words told her of his deep adoration for her, and begged for one word of hope.

Pained to wound the generous heart of the man, although he was the enemy of her country, Faustine at first knew not what to say; but gathering courage after awhile, she begged him to consider her only in the light of a friend, for her love she could not give.

"To be frank with you, Colonel Alvarez, I will tell you honestly, I love another. You have honored me with your love, and I appreciate it sincerely, and trust you will not think me a heartless coquette, for I am not. Let us be friends, the best of friends, and come just as often to see me—you will, will you not?"

Faustine held out her hand, the Spaniard bent low over it, pressed his lips passionately to the taper fingers, and turning, strode away, his heart too full for one word of farewell.

Faustine strove hard to escape from her own painful thoughts, after the departure of the colonel, for she was too true a woman to refuse the love of a man, and not feel it deeply; but finding that bitter memories would haunt her, she sought Elinor Vanloo and begged her to accompany her on a short horseback ride.

Elinor acquiescing, the maidens, mounted upon two fleet horses, were soon darting along the valley road at a rapid pace, for both were superb horsewomen.

Invigorated by their rapid gallop, miles flew by ere either Faustine or Elinor thought of returning, and when at last they drew rein, it was at the base of the mountain road.

Hardly had they turned their horses' heads homeward, when the clatter of hoofs sounded behind them, and as they drew one side to give free passage-way, each steed was suddenly seized by a firm grasp, and a horseman dashing up, said impudently—

"Luck favors me; truly does the devil look after his own, for you have saved me a long ride, señorita."

It was Captain Moreno, surrounded by a band of guerillas, and the heart of each maiden sunk within her as she realized their unprotected position.

"Captain Moreno, what means this outrage?" and Faustine's eyes flashed with anger.

"It means, lady fair, that in our mountain home we are wont to grow lovely, unless cheered by the bright smiles of women—and hence I have come for you to cheer my bachelor life. To catch two doves in the same net I had not anticipated."

"Captain Moreno, I never have respected you as a man of honor—but if you will now allow us to go free, I will believe you such."

"No, sweet girl, I have longed for revenge against your mother for many years: *she* has forgotten the boy-lover she drove from her more than twenty years agone, and yet *he* has not forgotten—I am blessed with a good memory."

In vain were the entreaties of Faustine and Elinor to be released—in vain were the bribes offered; the Spaniard was determined not to give up his prizes, and placing a rough-looking bandit upon either side of each maiden, he led the way up the steep mountain-path toward the home of the guerilla band.

Hardly had they disappeared in the forest, when, from out a by-path, rode Dido, who having been sent after the maidens by Leon, to beg their instant return, had descried them over the fields, and making a cut across country, had drawn near them just as they were surrounded by the guerillas.

At once he knew the band, for he had met them before, and recognizing Captain Moreno, he feared the worst, but had the good sense to remain quietly concealed until they rode away with their fair captives; for well he knew his single arm could accomplish nothing against a dozen desperate men.

Like the wind he sped along the valley-road upon his return to Seaside Rest, and in half an hour drew up his reeking horse before the broad verandah, where Leon sat in conversation with several of the neighboring planters.

"My sister, Señorita Elinor, where are they?" asked the Cuban, as he sprang to meet the negro, in whose face he discovered cause for alarm.

Dido, in broken accents, told what he had seen.

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Leon, staggering back like one struck a heavy blow.

"Captain Moreno was at the head of 'em."

By a violent effort Leon controlled his emotion, and bade Dido relate all he knew.

"That then is what is become of Felipe Moreno; he has leagued himself with outlaws and sought this revenge against me," he said sternly; and turning to the Cubans standing near, he continued, "Gentlemen, you will all join me in the expedition now to be undertaken?"

An affirmative answer was readily given and Leon went on.

"Thanks, my kind friends, many thanks; return at once to your homes, mount your best horses, and arm fully for desperate work; let each member of the patriot band be warned, and within two hours join me at the mountain's base—I will be there."

The Cubans departed at once, and ordering Dido to make instant preparations to accompany him, Leon entered the mansion to acquaint Señora Delmont with the sad tidings.

"Cheer up, mother, I will soon be off, and with a number of our brave fellows will wrest them from the outlaws' power," he said to the distressed señora.

"But, Leon, why not call upon the Spanish troops? Surely Colonel Alvarez will aid you—"

"No, mother, I cannot allow the Spaniards to go that far into the mountains, for they would discover some of the patriot outposts."

"True, I had not thought of that; poor Faustine, unhappy Elinor. Go, Leon, my son, and the Holy Mother protect you and return you in safety with my unfortunate darlings."

Attiring himself for service, Leon Delmont, mounted upon his favorite horse, and followed by Dido, also thoroughly armed and astride a noble steed, rode forth from the plantation grounds, and after a quick gallop arrived at the appointed rendezvous, where were already assembled a number of the young planters awaiting him.

Each moment others were arriving, one and all eager for the fray, and determined to visit a terrible retribution upon the outlaws and the Spanish traitor who led them.

Soon nearly every member of the patriot band had arrived, and Leon took his place at their head and led them up the mountain side, which was each moment becoming more obscure under the curtain of approaching night.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 41.)

A Mother's Home.

BY H. H.

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was a creator of home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and common-place man was lifted up and enabled to do work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover leaf which in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by one plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliance of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, here would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have seen.

It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a haphazard alternation of lifeless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the sea-shore, and of the woman who was the "light thereof," and I find in the faces of many men and children, as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals," "Wanted—a home."

☞ Keep your conscience tender—tender as the eye that closes its lids against an atom of dust, or as that sensitive plant which you have seen shrink and shut its leaves, not merely at the rude touch of a finger, but at the breath of a moth.

THE LONG PACK.

BY E. A. P.

"Tell me a story, auntie," I said, as I sat with my maiden relative in a huge tapestried apartment in a rambling old-fashioned house in the country.

"What kind of story do you want, Harry?" she asked. "Grave or gay, true or untrue, pleasant or sad? For my life has been long, and my experiences many," she added, as she gazed dreamily and thoughtfully into the fire that blazed on the hearth before us.

"Oh, something harrowing and thrilling, fearful and shocking, and, above all, true—there's a dear auntie!" I exclaimed, as I drew closer to her side, and gazed shudderingly round the large gloomy room.

It was an evening in mid-winter; the fire burned dimly in its high, narrow grate; the single lamp that burned on the table threw its flickering shadows around us, leaving the rest of the apartment, with its distant corners and darkly hung walls, in dense, unmitigated gloom.

I was a school-boy—rather a good boy, I think I was—with moderate abilities, and a great liking for my old auntie, who returned my affection with interest, for I was the son of her dear and only brother. She was a tall spare lady, dressed in antique style, with white muslin handkerchief crossed primly over her tightly-fitting long-waisted bodice, and sleeves reaching to the elbow, whence they hung in long loose lappets over her thin arms. She was very upright, with a large plain kind face, and with a way of speaking in low whispering tones that gave additional interest to her thrilling stories. On her head she always wore a turban of peculiar shape, made of some gauzy material, trimmed with brown ribbons, and, according to my lively and juvenile ideas, exceedingly hideous to behold.

A little pause ensued while auntie gazed meditatively into the fire, and I watched her face in eager hope of the exciting tale that was coming.

"I was about sixteen," Aunt Betsy began at last, "when I was invited to go and stay with some relatives in another part of the country, whom I had never seen. My life in this old house—where I was born, and have lived all my days—was somewhat monotonous. I was a lively girl then, and, wild with delight at the prospect of a change of scene, I looked anxiously for my parents' permission to accept the invitation.

"After some deliberation, the desired permission was given; so early one morning, accompanied by my father, I set out in high spirits for my destination, arriving there in the pleasant twilight of an autumn evening.

"Our friends gave us a cordial reception. Mr. and Mrs. Oldham were staid, good-tempered, rather elderly people, and their two daughters—girls of eighteen and twenty—as merry and wild as I could possibly desire. Their names were Mildred and Janet.

"The house, standing in its own grounds, and surrounded by lofty trees, was old and spacious, with many long corridors and passages, and plenty of rooms of all sizes and descriptions. I can recall so well the great entrance-hall. It was of immense size and gloomy, and from it ascended a wide staircase which led to an open gallery above. Many happy, merry evenings I have spent in that old hall.

"During my stay with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham went to spend a few days at a gentleman's house a few miles distant from their own, and it was while they were absent that the alarming occurrence I am about to relate to you took place.

"The household consisted of a butler and four maid-servants. The coachman, who lived in a cottage in the grounds about a quarter of a mile distant, was now absent with his master and mistress. The butler was a pompous, stately, middle-aged man, given somewhat to patronizing, though always respectful in his manners to us young people; he evidently considered the safety of the house as his peculiar charge, and was very particular in the extinguishing of fires and in looking after the safety of the fastenings of doors and windows.

"We had heard of one or two robberies being committed in the neighborhood; but we did not feel nervous, and my cousins placed great dependence on a huge black dog which always slept at night in the hall.

"One evening—I believe it was the third after Mr. and Mrs. Oldham's departure—my cousins and I were sitting chatting merrily round the fire in a large room which opened from the hall—I think it was about seven o'clock—when there came a pull at the front-door bell, and after a short delay, the butler answered it. Presently, hearing a somewhat prolonged parley outside, we opened our room-door and peeped out.

"Two men, apparently much exhausted, stood at the lower end of the hall, while on the ground at their feet lay a large, long package. Opposite to them stood the butler and one of the maid-servants, and a stormy discussion seemed to be going on between them. Mildred, my elder cousin, after a few moments' pause, walked forward and requested an explanation. One of the men, rather a respectable-looking individual, I thought, advanced toward her, and making a low bow, began to speak.

"'Madam,' he said, 'we have brought this bale of goods to your house by mistake; we were to have taken it to Mr. Needham's,' mentioning a gentleman's house about five miles distant, 'but have carried it here instead. We are much exhausted, for we have walked far, and the night is tempestuous, and we feel that we can take it no farther. Will you kindly allow us to leave it here till morning?'

"Mildred looked at the butler inquiringly before she answered. The old servant shook his head with a doubtful and suspicious air; whereupon the man who had just spoken observed hastily—

"'We do not ask for a lodging for ourselves, madam; we shall make our way to the nearest public house. It is only the pack that we wish to leave. It is very heavy, and we will call for it in good time to-morrow. We throw ourselves on your compassion.'

"'Let the poor men leave their package, Mildred,' said Janet, my younger cousin, 'and have it put into the ante-room until to-morrow.'

"Mildred assented, and, in disregard of the frowns and ominous looks of the butler, ordered the pack to be carried into a little room near the entrance.

"This was done; and glad and thankful was I to see the door bolted and barred behind the formidable strangers. It seemed to me a dangerous risk, in our thinly-peopled household, to admit two strangers at that time of the evening. I had noticed, too, that they glanced about the hall in a surreptitious manner, and especially eyed the dog, which stood with us in the hall, and had at first begun to bark, but had been quickly silenced by a low command from Mildred. I saw that the maid-servant, who still stood by, shared my uncomfortable feelings, and she assisted very readily after the departure of the men, in barring the door, and seeing to the safety of the window-fastenings.

"Later in the evening I met her on the stairs, and she stopped me.

"'I do not like the look of that bundle at all, miss,' she said; 'it looks to me alive, and twice I have fancied I saw it move—once when it was lying on the hall door, and again now, for I have been in to look at it.'

"I smiled, and, telling Harriet 'not to be whimsical,' passed on, and, rejoining my cousins, I told them what Harriet had said to me, and proposed going to take a look at the mysterious package.

"Taking a lamp with us, we proceeded to the little apartment wherein it was placed. It lay on a wooden settle which stood on one side of the room. It was enveloped in a brown wrapper, was very long, and thicker in the middle than at the two extremities. Somehow I did not like the look of it at all; but my fears were of such a vague nature that I did not like to express them. As we crossed the hall on our return to the sitting-room we encountered Harriet, who was hovering about with a very uneasy and mysterious expression on her face.

"'What is the matter, Harriet?' asked Mildred.

"'Oh, miss, I am so frightened about that pack! I cannot rest, and I am sure that I cannot go to bed while it is in the house!'

"'You are very ridiculous, Harriet,' replied Janet. 'I am sure the men were very respectable-looking individuals—only two shopmen. We have just been looking at the pack, and it did not move, though I gave it a good squeeze. I am sure there is nothing in it to alarm you.'

"Harriet looked very pale, and shook her head warningly.

"Ten o'clock came, and my cousins and I were thinking of betaking ourselves to our sleeping apartments, when we heard a door in the hall violently shut and locked. Immediately afterward Harriet rushed in upon us, and sunk on the nearest chair in violent hysterics. She was speedily followed by the butler, looking pompous and stiff as ever, but with a certain expression of unquiet on his fat, grave face.

"'What is the matter, Jones?' asked Mildred, starting to her feet. 'Tell us quickly. Do try to be quiet, Harriet.'

"'Oh, the pack is alive!' shrieked Harriet.

"'Hush, Harriet!' said Mildred, calmly; 'let Jones tell us. I heard you lock a door. It was that of the ante-room, in which this unfortunate pack was placed, I suppose?'

"'It was, miss,' replied Jones, sententiously; 'and the dog is in the hall,' he added.

"'So far good,' said Mildred, composedly. 'And how, pray, how do you know that the pack is alive?'

"'You see, miss,' answered Jones, 'ever since that pack has been left here Harriet has been in a very distracted state of mind—frightened out of her senses, in fact.'

"'I saw the thing move when it was laid in the hall!' sobbed Harriet.

"'Go on, Jones,' interposed Janet.

"Jones continued—

"'So before we went to bed, miss, Harriet persuaded me to come and take another look at the package. You know I did not at all approve of its being left, miss?' he added.

"'Never mind that,' said Mildred—'tell us what you have seen.'

"'Well, miss, I thought it great nonsense, but I went. We took hold of the bundle, and turned it about a little, but could make nothing of it. Presently Harriet found a small hole in the wrapper. She pulled the rent rather more open, and looked in. I saw her face change. She turned and drew me out of the room, pulled the door to, and locked it. That is all I know at present, ladies.' And here Jones bowed to us politely.

"Harriet had now become quieter, so Mildred inquired—

"'What did you see, Harriet?'

"The girl shivered, and covered her face with her hands.

"'Come, Harriet, speak,' said Mildred, becoming a little pale.

"'Yes, tell us, and instantly!' cried Janet.

"Harriet took her hands from her face, and looked up.

"'It was an eye, miss,' she said, in horror-stricken tones—'such an awful looking eye—and it glared at me!' she added, with a repressed shriek.

"We looked at each other in mute consternation.

"'Was it a living eye, do you think, Harriet?' I asked.

"'Yes, it was alive, miss, I am sure,' she sobbed. 'Oh, what shall we do? It looked so malignant and terrible!'

"We looked at each other for a few moments, and then Mildred spoke.

"'I can scarcely believe that you are right, Harriet,' she said; 'I fancy that your imagination must have been making a goose of you.'

"'Still, Mildred,' I ventured to say, 'Harriet may be right, and it would be well to do something at once. This may be a plan to rob the house when we are all in bed.'

"'And murder us all!' shrieked Harriet.

"Janet began to cry; and meanwhile the butler had left the room.

"'Where is Jones?' inquired Mildred, suddenly observing his absence. 'Let me go and find him, and see what is best to be done.'

"She passed into the hall and we followed. Jones was rummaging in a large closet, the door of which stood open; he had a lamp in his hand. The other servants stood by, and we together waited for him to emerge. He was rather a long time, so Mildred went close to the door and whispered—

"'What are you doing there, Jones?' Jones made no reply, but came out armed with an old rusty-looking dagger and two pieces of strong rope.

"'You are not going to kill him?' implored Janet.

"'Never fear, miss,' replied Jones—'a little prick, however, will do no hurt. I must take care of my master's house.'

"'We will come with you,' whispered Mildred.

"'Very good, miss,' he answered. 'Please bring the dog to the door, and keep him there till I want him.'

"So off went Jones with his lamp, his dagger and his rope, we and the servants following closely with the dog, who seemed to possess a strong consciousness of something being amiss.

"Jones opened the door of the little room quietly, and went in and placed his lamp on a small side-table which stood near. Then at once, dagger and rope in hand, he walked toward the pack, which still lay on the settle; but I now observed that there were one or two rents or openings in the wrapper.

"There was deep silence among us for a moment or two, interrupted only by the low growlings of the dog, who became manifestly more and more uneasy, and was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the room. Then there came a scene of noise and confusion. Jones reached the pack, and throwing the ropes over his arm, and still clutching the dagger, stooped to inspect the slit in the wrapper where Harriet had asserted she had seen an eye. At that moment one of the most fearful and terrible yells I have ever heard broke from between the folds of the wrapper. The pack struggled violently, then rolled over and fell heavily to the ground, while a choked voice begged for mercy; at the same time a knife was seen endeavoring to effect an opening. The screams of the servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet, and the loud howlings and whinings of the dog, who was still restrained by Mildred from rushing frantically into the room, made a din that I never can forget.

"I remember that Jones alone looked very composed and unmoved throughout. Before the man in the pack had time to free himself from the wrapper, Jones had managed, despite his opponent's struggles, to pass the ropes several times round and round him, and to secure them. By the time he had accomplished this, we had all become pretty quiet. The dog was silenced, and made to lie down in the hall, while Mildred and I and two of the servants—the terrified Harriet not being one—went into the room.

"The pack presented a very ludicrous appearance. The wrapper had been slit open from the centre upward, and displayed the figure of a man, apparently of about thirty years of age, lying in it, the ropes wound round him. He had a long, pale face, a brown, grizzly beard, and eyes that glanced doubtfully from Jones and his dagger—who knelt beside him—to us, as we approached him. He was perfectly mute, and refused to answer any questions.

"'See, he has got a whistle,' cried one of the servants.

"Jones instantly seized it, and, after a few moments' consideration, beckoned Mildred out of the room. I followed.

"'Young ladies,' he said, 'the man is now quite secure, and his accomplices will certainly not attempt to enter much before midnight. I expect the whistle was to have been the signal. Would you be afraid if I slipped down to the coachman's house, and got his wife to send one of her boys into the village for assistance? We could then probably secure all the villains.'

"'But you may be attacked by them on the way,' urged Mildred.

"'No fear, miss; I can slip unseen behind the shrubs in the darkness.'

"'Go, then, and quickly,' said Mildred. 'You are sure that the man is quite safely bound?'

"'Quite so, miss; but perhaps you would like to ask the consent of the household before I leave you.'

"Mildred soon obtained our consent to the plan, and Jones was cautiously let out of a small side-door. In about twenty minutes—which had seemed like two hours to us—he returned, and his low tap was instantly answered.

"'It is all right,' he said; 'I have seen and heard nothing of the two men. The boy is sharp enough; he has his directions, and is to bring a party from the village to this door by the same way that I took.'

"More than an hour passed away; then a low tap was again heard, and six men appeared, accompanied by the boy who had been sent to fetch them.

"About midnight Jones opened the shutters of a casement window in the hall and blew a low whistle; the whistle was responded to by another, and two men presently appeared at the open casement. Jones drew back into the darkness of the hall and silently allowed them to enter. The moment their feet touched the hall floor they were seized and pinioned. Taken utterly by surprise, they offered no resistance and were easily secured."

"And where were you, auntie," I said, "during this scene?"

"We stood in the gallery above," replied my aunt. "The boy, who had received his directions, soon brought forward a lantern, and we also had lights at hand in the gallery."

"Were the men tried, auntie; and what was their punishment?"

"Yes; they were conveyed to the county prison, and on their conviction were sentenced to transportation. The butler, as you may imagine, was handsomely rewarded."

So ended the tale. The tapestried chamber and the kind old aunt have long since passed away, but I have never forgotten these reminiscences of my boyhood, nor my thrilling interest in "THE LONG PACK."

The Cave of Fountains.

The Staunton, Va., Vindicator gives the following description of a visit made to a wonderful cave in that vicinity. The first dazzling flash of the calcium light shows what is called the "Panel Hall," an immense room, the ceiling of which is laid off in panels about two yards square, each panel separated from the other by a perfect fringe, pending about six inches of glittering stalactites. Going on with the guide, the white light revealed scene after scene as beautiful. On one side of a large hall are immense clusters of perfectly-formed grapes, glittering as the light falls on them, and not far off is a helmeted stone warrior standing guard over the fruit.

Here is a garden of perfectly-formed beets and radishes; there a mountain pass over which an army is passing in manties of snow. From a higher cliff a stone sentinel stands on the perilous edge, gazing down on them; and hanging against the wall, and standing out in bold relief is the ghostly figure of an executed spy, in shroud and cap. Doric columns are minutely sculptured against the walls; immense towers with fluted supports, and one tower leaning at a fear-inspiring angle; a row of tobacco leaves strung on a stick with a regularity that would satisfy a South-Side Virginian; wells, down at the bottom of which is fresh fallen snow glittering in the light; snow banks, one of which has a dog of St. Bernard's, with head thrown back in the act of baying for help; immense musical pipes, which, when struck, run the scale almost perfectly; and lastly, "the fountains," a range of weird-looking baths, separated by stone walls, and into which there is a continual dropping of water, giving a deceptive imitation of a frog. We said lastly, but it was not all, for in returning the guide made us all stop for a surprise, and he gave it to us. The light flashed up and showed our party surrounded by glittering walls fifty feet high, ornamented by pillars of all conceivable architecture, and covered in with a roof that glittered with stars, and the recollection of which almost tempts a beholder to return after he has left the cave.

☞ A Newark man recently paid a claim of $300, all in old-fashioned coppers. They weighed four hundred pounds, and it took three men to remove them.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A LAZY COOK.—One that "fritters" away her time.

☞ HOW TO PREVENT BAD DREAMS.—Don't go to sleep.

☞ It is not considered polite to ask a milkman for a piece of chalk.

☞ Brigham Young has a son at West Point.

☞ What the young lady said to the dentist—Draw it mild.

☞ "How does your husband get along?" inquired a friend of an undertaker's wife. "Nothing to complain of, thank the Lord. He had twelve funerals yesterday."

☞ The other day a young fop asked one of Barnum's men, "Where is the mummy?" The latter replied, "He is dead," and the inquirer passed on perfectly satisfied for he couldn't expect that even Barnum could prevent an occasional death among his curiosities.

☞ After July 1, new postage stamps come in, bearing profiles and colors thus: 1 cent, Franklin, blue; 2 cent, Jackson, brown; 3 cent, Washington, green; 6 cent, Lincoln, red; 7 cent, Stanton, vermilion; 10 cent, Jefferson, chocolate; 12 cent, Clay, purple; 15 cent, Webster, orange; 24 cent, Scott; 30 cent, Hamilton, black; 90 cent, Perry, carmine.

☞ A Pittsburg coroner makes no charge when he sits on a young man who parted his hair in the middle. He says that his personal satisfaction is enough without the fee.

☞ Heavy reading is very fashionable, and many young ladies are said to discuss the theories of Darwin, Huxley and Emerson in a manner which would startle the authors themselves.

☞ A waterfall 2,000 feet high, or more than twelve times the height of Niagara, has been discovered in British Guiana. The lady's name is not given.

☞ A New Jersey man has succeeded in raising some very fine bananas—from the cellar of a neighboring fruit dealer, and says the climate of this country seems well adapted to this fruit.

☞ Sleeping cars, so common in America, create quite a sensation whenever they are put on any railway line in Europe.

☞ One of the hardest trials of life is to shed tears at the news that your wife's uncle has died and left her $30 000.

☞ An Eastern editor says he knows all about growing hay and grain, but doesn't understand hemp at all. He may get the hang of it yet.

☞ SHE SUITED.—A lady recently applied at one of our life-insurance companies for a position as agent. When asked what her qualifications were, she touched her rubicund cheek. She was engaged.

☞ An exchange gravely observes that the suicide of a farmer, which it notices, "is singularly strange, inasmuch as he has not been in the habit of doing such things."

☞ The best thing in the world is to take things as they come—take them easy—and take a good many of them.

☞ A countryman at Dyersburg, Tenn., was noticed the other day gravely setting his watch by a painted sign in front of a jeweller's.

☞ A woman's printing company is to be organized in St. Louis.

☞ London University has a chair of Chinese Language and Literature.

☞ When one learns that the United States contains 14,000 drug stores, each of them dispensing on an average a score of prescriptions a day, the only wonder is that so many people die natural deaths.

☞ The Worcester press says:—"Two medical societies met in this city yesterday. A car-load of gravestones also arrived during the day. It is not often that the eternal fitness of things sticks out in this manner."

☞ The Australians never sue for divorce. When the husband gets discouraged, he takes his wife to the brow of a cliff to view the gorgeous sunset, and over she goes.

☞ A Davenport editor, who went out for a day's sport with the gun and rod, shot a forty-five dollar cow and caught an old hat with a stone in it.

☞ It is stated positively that the Vienna Exposition is a financial failure.

☞ "Please shut the door," is the notice posted up by a restaurant keeper, to which a wag added in pencil, "and don't bolt your victuals."

☞ "Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and not want anything you can't have."

☞ Leavenworth has a male thirty-two years old, but his voice has by no means abated.

☞ A cat in Springfield, Ill., noticing a kerosene lamp blazing up in a dangerous manner in the night, waked the master of the house and got him to fix it.

☞ Detroit has found a modest boy who, being knocked down in the street by a horse, refused to give his name to anybody, for fear it would get into the papers. The city ought to have that boy's photograph taken, and placed among the choicest municipal treasures; for, in the course of human events, it is hardly probable that Detroit will produce such another oddity for a hundred years.

Mexican Cruelty.

A fearful story is told of the Indian chief and robber of Tepic—Lozada—which has but recently been brought before the public, and which for cruelty cannot find a parallel.

In the small village of San Luis, near Tepic, in Mexico, there has been discovered a subterraneous apartment, constructed especially for the prosecution of horrible crimes, and in this was found, not long since, a man who for fourteen years had not seen the light of day. Unshaven and unwashed, and doubled by feebleness, and withal bereft of sense when discovered, he is said to have had more the appearance of a wild animal than of humanity.

From motives of revenge Lozada had him incarcerated in this sepulchre, and formerly would seem to have taken especial pleasure in witnessing the tortures of the unhappy man, visiting him daily for that purpose, and taunting and mocking him in his helpless misery. The wretched man was placed on his release in charge of a physician, who is obliged to use the utmost prudence in bringing him forth from his living tomb to enjoy once more the liberty of life; and even with the greatest care, it is thought his enfeebled system will not sustain the shock such a change may bring to it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CAST ADRIFT.—By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Three Years in a Man-Trap," &c. This is a romance of real life in which Mr. Arthur portrays with his usual photographic ability the darker features of life in our large cities, with the design of inaugurating "more earnest and radical modes of reform." Published by J. M. Stoddart & Co., Philada.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.—By the REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

SPORTSMAN'S CLUB IN THE SADDLE.—By HARRY CASTLEMON, author of "The Gunboat Series," &c. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

LORIMER LITTLEGOOD.—By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, author of "Frank Fairleigh," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

PICTORIAL LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF DAVY CROCKETT. Written by himself. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Boy Lost.

Here is a beautiful, tender thought, amplified with all the feeling of genuine originality, indeed so pure and effortless that we feel it a duty to send it broadcast for the "culture of the mind:"

"He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trowsers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small, black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say: 'Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt.' But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbling down card-houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks of trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say: 'How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace.' But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra-la-la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once. A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, a bosomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and the name on the stern, Lucy Lowe, a little girl of our neighbor, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the name on the boat! Oh, I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book! My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little, tired boy in a long, white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop and listening to his deep breathing. If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again! But there are still mothers who have not yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know that they are living their very best days—that now is the time to really enjoy their children? I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The Queen of the Monthlies.

The proprietors of the Lady's Friend call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors.

The following Serials are engaged for 1873:—"The Master of Greylands," by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne;" "A Girl's Romance," by Daisy Ventnor; "Dorothea," by Fanny Hodgson, and a Novelette by Miss A. M. Douglas.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

IN A STEW.

The expression is not elegant, or elevated. I'm aware of that. But it's good dictionary English, and it's exactly what I mean. That's why I used it. If there had been any other formula which exactly fit the idea in my head, then I wouldn't have said In A Stew. But there wasn't.

I desired to express the state of mind in which some folks, particularly, some women, go through this world. I don't know whether they are in a perpetual stew after they die and are up in Heaven, or not. For the comfort of the other saints, I hope not, however. At this moment I recall one lady—not one of my neighbors, or very near friends, thank my stars, she'd wear me out in three days' time, if she were—whose mind is something like a brewing of yeast, that sort of new-fangled quick yeast you know, with which you can have your bread all raised and baked in two hours after you set it going. This lady is in an everlasting froth and ferment, and over the most despisable little things, too. The world is full of wise and beautiful things to be learned, noble thoughts to be thought, and grand work to be done; this lady, whose mind is in an everlasting ferment, passes them by, and like a pig, rooting in the ground for bugs and worms, she noses out all the bugs and worms, and, unlike the pig, makes herself miserable over them. She spends her life hunting out the meannesses and weaknesses of her acquaintances. Scandal is particularly to her appetite. She is always deep in the heart of some scandal broil or mess of gossip.

If anybody makes a little remark about her, does she pass it quietly by, and in time forget all about it? No. She commences chasing it, and she chases it and chases it till she runs it down, and then she catches it, and has a grand battle over it, and it the silliest, contemptiblest thing in the universe. If she hears a bit of gossip or a scaly thing on somebody else, she treasures it up like gold, and rubs it constantly to keep it bright, and according to her size, stews over it as much as the newspapers do over the Credit Mobilier. She worries and fumes so over her bugs and worms, that she is as thin as a razor, as nervous as a guilty conscience, and as spiteful as red pepper. She says people have ill-treated her so much that they have made her so. It is not true. Free-born people in this country are generally treated about as they deserve.

I have noticed that many women spend intensity enough to run a steamboat, over the most contemptible, trivial things in the universe. What's the reason, I wonder, that women are always squabbling together over such despisable little matters? How is it that neighborhood quarrels are invariably the work of women, I want to know? How is it, again, that two neighbor men can live peaceably side by side for forty years, and be good friends, too, while a woman must quarrel with her next door neighbor woman in six weeks? It breaks my heart to say anything against a woman, it really does, but everybody knows that nearly all the petty, spiteful quarrelling of this world is done by the women. They pick at one another like a lot of young pigeons shut up in a cage, and have a million ways of annoying one another which men never dream of. It is because they stew over small things, and pick up contemptible little matters which are not worth a moment's notice.

What does it matter if some other woman says a spiteful thing of us? We are just as spiteful, as mean, and as little as she is, if we notice it. If the remark is true, we deserve it, and ought to have it said of us; if it is false, it can do us no harm in the long run. I've noticed so many times that a malicious lie never injures anybody finally except the one who started it, like an overcharged gun which rebounds and kicks over the fool who fired it off. (Don't think I mean to palm off that comparison on the intelligent readers of THE POST as original. Mercy! no.)

The best of women are given overmuch to littleness. They are in a perpetual ferment over matters which ought to be too small to worry a red ant. They stew over things which they ought to despise. And that is why women "break" and grow old faster than men. I am sure of it.

So let us strive evermore for that broad, calm, sunny mind which is at rest within itself and at peace with all men, and what is much more, all women. Let us have our souls so full of knowledge and of large, kindly thoughts that there will be no room therein for the spiteful, despisable little thoughts which fret the lives of most women.

Life is not long enough to be frittered away over petty squabbles. ZIG.

MY LOVE.

BY GUY ROSLYN.

Louie can sing—
No larks that float above the yellow wheat
Can give a touch of melody as sweet
As she can sing;
Not brooks that pipe to posies blue and white
Can drown my senses in such dear delight
As when my love doth sing.

Louie has eyes—
Not summer heavens mirrored in clear streams
Can fold me in such clear delicious dreams
As my love's eyes:
Not ocean's secret cavern pools that glow
In fairy palaces such beauty know
As my love's bright brown eyes.

Louie has hair—
You may not such surpassing fairness find
In golden grain that curtseys to the wind
As in her hair;
Not moonlight sleeping on an angel's wings
Is half as sweet, nor aught that nature brings,
As my love's light-brown hair.

Such is my love—
The larks that over yellow wheat-fields float
May to another sing as sweet a note
As does my love;
But if another would her beauty know
Let him unto his own fair mistress go—
Fairer is my dear love.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST—As a rule, I write upon "fashions," and address myself to ladies exclusively, but occasionally a great desire to make myself interesting to the other sex comes over me, and I forget everything pertaining to dress, and the first thing I know am rattling away in a most woefully disconnected manner upon love, religion, politics, and giving my opinion upon the varied events of the day with as much assurance as though I thought it was really worth something. To-day the feeling is not very strong upon me, and I don't think I care a rush whether the other sex are interested or not, and I'm not going to relate any case of suicide where in mad folly a maiden fair, "with tresses of brown and gold," leaped unhesitatingly into the sullen waters of the darkly flowing river, because some perfumed popinjay, not worthy the notice of a sensible woman, had led to the altar one richer, if not fairer than she. We have had a case of that kind, but I'm not going to mention it, because such things, in the first place, are too common to be interesting; and in the second place, I'm not quite sure that that blushing bride, who timidly uttered the responses as she knelt tremblingly before the man of God and joined her fate with one who boasted of the hearts he had broken, and the blossoms he had trampled under foot, had not more need of sympathy than she who by one rash act had ended forever her heartaches and troubles. And then again, believing as I do in retribution, convinced as I am that our sins come home to us, even as chickens after a day's scratching return at nightfall to the henery, I cannot help seeing beneath the vapory veil of tulle and the even more perceptible one of modesty and childlike innocence, the unconscious avenger. Within that simple, confiding heart may lurk the germs of pride and power, and in my twilight musings I picture the man to whom beauty bowed and was happy to do homage, the abject slave of one who loves him not, and who in cringing humility would give his life for one true, tender word from lips that disdain to speak it. The fleecy cloud may be silver-lined and tipped with gold, but there are storm and darkness, despair and desolation behind.

But apropos of that—glad, leafy, flowery June is here, and all Nature smiles.

Our parks were never more beautiful, and the soft south wind that kisses the cheek of beauty, and plays the mischief with the complexion, feels very much as though it was right off a furnace. Everybody said we would have a severe winter to make up for the intense heat of last summer—and now the wise ones declare that we are to have a terribly hot summer to balance the cold weather of last winter. At this rate, I would like to know when and where the extremes of weather are to end? It is even prophesied, by those who take a lively interest in such things, that the heat of this summer will surpass that of last by many, very many degrees. In that case, I throw down my pen in despair. "Othello's occupation 's gone." Nobody will want to hear about dress or fashions unless indeed I go back to early times and speak fig-uratively of a cool and leafy costume such as we are authentically informed was worn, for a change, by our common mother, long before the day of sewing-machines and patent hemmers.

But with the warm weather a new idea in the form of a smoking-car on a street railroad comes to us, and is pronounced an "institution" by the lovers of the "weed," and there is a grand rush for that particular car as it rattles o'er the stony street.

Occasionally a lady, who is too near-sighted to read the sign placed conspicuously on the top of the car, inadvertently enters—and it is pleasing, I'm told, to watch the various expressions as they flit over her countenance.

She looks from the pale gentleman in diamonds, who daintily tastes his fine Havana, and seems hovering near the portals of Heaven in his dreamy delight, to the young exquisite, with a sprig of heliotrope in his buttonhole, and a harmless cigarette in his fingers, and wonders if such things can be—and how it happens that she is the only lady in all that crowd of smokers; and then still more amazed, she sees the sturdy Teuton with his half-rood of meerschaum, and the hard-handed laborer with his blackened, short-stemmed plebeian pipe—all, everybody, quite unconcerned, and nobody venturing to inquire if smoking is offensive, or saying "by your leave;" and midst it all, she finally discovers that she can only see things as through a glass, darkly, while a sense of suffocation, as though she had been inhaling coal-damp, oppresses her, and rising she gropes her way to the back platform and escapes, her clothing so thoroughly impregnated with the vile odors as to be moth-proof for a year at least.

But we have another new idea here in the travelling way that comparatively speaking is very pleasant, and I do not refer to the carriages or pony-phaetons that you can hire for a small fortune at any of the livery stables, or the omnibuses that will take you all around Central Park for a quarter. The first are too expensive for everyday use, and the latter are "poor-folksy," and are too generally patronized by the Bridgets on their "day off;" but I do allude to the open cars provided by some of the companies, and by which I hope they may realize as many dollars as they have received thanks for the favor, and in that case they will be rich enough.

If only the route lay through stately forests clad in everlasting verdure, or along roads dotted by pretty residences and beautiful with flowers and fountains, it would be quite equal to a carriage-ride any fine morning, and that at a cost of only five cents.

But alas! beauty and cheapness do not go hand-in-hand, especially in a great, heartless, busy city such as this; and instead of the flowers and the perfume, and wide level roads and rippling brooks and gushing fountains, we have low marshy flats redolent of fever and ague. Nauseous odors made up of decaying garbage and escaping gas, thick fogs, musquitoes, and anon high rows of tenement-houses and myriads of grimy children playing upon the tracks, the sight of which keeps you in nervous dread lest some of the careless little mud-larks shall be run over and destroyed off the face of the earth; in anticipation of which you cannot help imagining the possibility of the little victim's being an embryo Clay or Webster, or possibly a Washington who might, had not fate suddenly overtaken him, have become the possessor of a little hatchet and have found it as impossible to "tell a lie, papa," as did the illustrious Father of our Country.

It saddens one as he rides along to have these unpleasant thoughts constantly recurring, but perhaps one might be too happy even in a Second avenue car, if there was not something to stir him up occasionally and set him to thinking. It is good to have a little bitter mingled with the sweet.

But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the open cars are a great and wonderful improvement on the close stifling ones by which we have heretofore been obliged to travel, and one day we may have them on pleasanter lines. "So mote it be."

Reports coming up from Long Branch inform us of unusual preparations for a grand opening of the several hotels at that famous resort. The season is expected to commence in the last weeks of June, and already the large parlors, wide halls and elegant sleeping-rooms have been opened, re-painted, and, in many instances, re-furnished, in anticipation of a summer of unusual activity. The sporting programmes in the vicinity of the Branch will be extensive. It is proposed to "inaugurate" the opening of Riverside Park with a regatta on Pleasure Bay. The programme is rather indefinite at present, but it is certain something will be arranged which will characterize the opening-day. The Monmouth Park racing-track is about two miles from the Branch, and is, this season, to be rendered popular by being open to all, after the English fashion, with no charge for admission, except to the grand stand. The races are to begin on July 4th, and will be continued up to the 20th. They will be of all kinds known to the turf, dashes, heats, hurdle-races and steeple-chases. There will be, it is estimated, about two hundred horses on the ground, from the best stables in the country.

The ladies ("God bless them!") have already completed their summer toilets, and the display of wardrobe is said in some instances to be absolutely bewildering. Tulle dresses, looped with orange-blossoms, and vandyked on the front breadths with white satin, are shown as the latest Parisian style. And, indeed, it is getting to be quite a common custom, the use of orange-blossoms in the finish of a toilet for any occasion. It seems like an infringement on the prerogatives of brides, but we shall doubtless become accustomed to it in time. The use of lace and ribbons and flowers as garniture are more than ever popular this season, while the use of jewels, "rich and rare," is gradually diminishing. Organdie and Swiss dresses, looped with long sprays of tea-roses, sprigs of lilac, or bunches of daisies, are the popular idea for evening costume.

For the trimming of hats, we have a new idea, known as the "jardiniere style," pretty, for those who like it, but not one likely to be adopted by those of quiet tastes. It consists of several kinds of flowers, in groups, on the same hat. Morning-glories at the crown, violets on one side, roses, forget-me-nots and flaming poppies on the other. Anybody can see that a combination of that kind must necessarily be beautiful, and chaste, and modest, and, at the same time, in correct taste. The lace fichu will be again worn. It has outlived two seasons already. The little muslin bands, with lace ends, are also well liked; and a lady to enjoy any kind of good health must have at least a half-dozen.

But the distracting confusion of the street-venders has commenced. "Want any plants?" "Brooms, brooms, brooms," "Rags; any old rags?" mingles musically with the welcome cry of "Strawberries! strawberries!" And now a native of sunny Italy winds up a cracked organ under my window, and inflicts "Mollie darling" upon the quiet residents of a naturally pleasant street; and in despair of being able to again collect my thoughts sufficiently to talk upon any known subject, I make my best bow, and wave you a fond adieu. OLIVE KING.

The Early Morning Cock.

One of the many mysteries which have hitherto baffled solution is the reason of the crowing of the cock. Some people have imagined there is a connection between the times of his crowing and the minimum temperature of the night, while others assert that the weather affects his voice, and that before rain he will crow twenty-four hours at a stretch. In fact, all that is known for certain, is that he begins as a rule to crow toward the break of day, and is at times a horrible nuisance, especially to light sleepers and invalids. A new cause for his crowing has lately been assigned by a sheriff in Scotland. At the Police Court at Edinburgh two persons were charged with keeping cocks in their back-yards to the annoyance of the neighborhood.

A gentleman stated that the defendants and others in the same street kept a number of cocks, which began to crow so lustily at break of day, that all sleep after commencement of the concert was impossible. The annoyance from this conduct on the part of the cocks was, he said, so great that his wife's health had completely broken down through want of sleep, and he had been obliged to send her to the country in the hope of effecting its restoration. The sheriff was of the opinion that the hutches in which the cocks were kept were insufficiently secured from the light, which was the cause of their crowing, and said that if this defect were not remedied within a fortnight the cocks must be removed. It will be interesting to hear the result of this experiment, which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the misguided birds, as well as for that of the sufferers by their restlessness, will prove successful, for hitherto the only known remedy for a cock given to over-crowing is to wring his neck.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

We have seen thee in thy coffin—
Or thy beautiful, cold clay—
Kissed thy dead lips once and often,
Closed thy grave, and come away.

"It is finished"—it is over—
All that sad and painful part;
Green the grass thy grave doth cover,
Close the clay enfolds thy heart.

But now memory turneth to thee,
Doing well her tender part;
And we see thee as we knew thee,
As thou wast—*and as thou art.*

For in spiritual feature
Shines thy sweet face all the while;
If her dead *were* dead, dear Nature
Could not thus rejoice and smile.

But in rain our earth-love's wooing—
In some far-off, radiant sphere
Thou art living, loving, doing,
Now as always—but not here!

Ah, not here! and we have only
Tender memories of thee left;
While the crowded world seems lonely,
Of thy presence bright bereft.

Ne'er again thy smile will greet us,
Though its light we hunger for;
Never will thy form to meet us
Glide like sunshine to the door.

Friend, admirer, sister, mother—
These were all in thee combined;
Fare thee well! there is no other
Like thee for our hearts to find. G. J.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

PREPARATIONS FOR SUMMER TRAVELLING.

If you have determined upon adding to the number of summer tourists, who make a yearly pilgrimage to some distant shrine—some Mecca among the mountains, or beside the seashore—perhaps we may give you a few practical suggestions, which may save you a little vexation or expense, or, perhaps, both.

We are told by high authority, that

"Trifles light as air
Make up the sum of woman's happiness;"

and if you are inclined to doubt the soft impeachment, you must yet allow that a journey is often nearly spoiled by the neglect of some trifling thing, or by not starting right at first.

If you start "on pleasure bent," it is everything to find agreeable travelling companions, and to select the route which will give you the greatest change of air and scene, and either gay society or a quiet retreat. For instance, if you live near the seashore, it is desirable to seek a mountainous region, and if near the high, table-lands, a descent toward the ocean, with its salty atmosphere and wide reach of sandy coast, is exceedingly agreeable.

Then, having made up your party and decided upon your route, it is well to take time in making your preparations, and not start from home "*all tired out!*" as is so often the case with those who seek a new home for the summer months.

If, however, your journey is only for two or three weeks, its arrangements can be easily made; but if you move with the whole family—and carry "big bag, little bag, valise and basket," as well as trunks of the size of old-fashioned bureaus—it is better to commence packing full three weeks before you leave home. Have the trunks placed in a vacant room, and as soon as an article is ready, put it in, and so on, until all the clothing that is not needed for everyday wear is put away.

By so doing the arduous labor of packing will be rendered a comparatively easy one, and when the last day comes you will still find that there are plenty of "*last things*" to attend to, which will consume all of your waking hours, and even then you may be too tired to sleep well.

And this is a great mistake to make, let me tell you; for a good, sound sleep upon the eve of a long day of travel is a very desirable thing to possess.

Now if the children's clothes were mostly packed a week previously; if all the nursery and toilet articles were purchased a fortnight before; the mind would not be wearied with them, and then the body would not become too much fatigued to allow you to rest well.

If you are the fortunate possessor of small children, their natural desire "to help mamma" will not detract from your cares, and if you can find a true friend who will keep them for two or three days before you set off on the journey, it will be a great relief to you; because their constant questionings are an additional worry to one who has a hundred things to think of and prepare.

In closing a house for the summer, there are many things which require your personal attention, and it is a decided addition to one's cares. Yet after it is done you can sleep in peace, and not be wondering whether Norah or Dinah are faithful to the trust confided to her charge.

One hears such strange stories now-a-days of violated confidences in this respect, that the shutting up of the house, and informing the police of one's absence from home for a certain length of time, seems to be the best mode of action. But you should go from the attic to the cellar to see that things are in good order; that the house does not leak, that rats and mice are not to inhabit your pantries and cellars.

And to force them to depart, it is a good thing to purchase several pounds of coppers, which is antagonistic to them, and scatter it all around the shelves and corners of the cellar, about the water pipes, in the sinks and water-closets and bath-rooms. It is the best disinfectant that can be employed to sweeten any place; and a few pounds of it judiciously placed will keep the air pure and sweet, as well as driving away rats, mice and cockroaches.

Close all the blinds and fasten them tightly, and see that both the scuttle-door and coal-hole cover are fastened well. Lock all the doors leading from room to room, and besides the window fastenings being secured, have a screw driven over the top of each lower window, for the ordinary fastenings are no protection to burglars. If you engage those to take charge of your house with whom you are not most intimately acquainted—that is—whose honesty and fidelity are not patent facts to you, go to the police station, and leave your name and your number and street, and request that a surveillance shall be kept over the premises.

Every season vacant houses, or those in the charge of others, are entered and robbed; whereas if these precautions had been taken, the owners might have escaped the losses and annoyances.

In the cities, expressmen will come for your baggage and often check it at the house to be delivered at the end of your journey. When this can be done it is a great relief to have it attended to the evening previously; and then on the following morning you will have only hand-bags to dispose of, and can take the omnibus or street car to the station or steamboat.

Be careful to place your funds in a secure place; and it is a good plan to let *materfamilias* carry the bulk of them in an under-pocket in her waist-lining, where no pickpocket could approach it.

When a large amount of funds are required, checks upon New York or Philadelphia banks, or those of some other large city, are more to be desired than bank-notes.

If you travel all day and night, or even one day, provide yourself with a wholesome luncheon of rolls, cold meat, ginger-snaps, fruit, etc., with a large bottle of cold tea or coffee. Eschew rich cakes and pies *by all means*, unless you desire to cultivate dyspepsia. A package of crackers and cakes of chocolate, however, never come amiss, for the ordinary saloon at railway stations rarely proves attractive.

In changing cars, be sure that you take the right one. We could relate most amusing stories of travellers being carried miles away from their destination by this mistake. Amusing when related, but not amusing when experienced, however.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

Biographical Sketches.

MAZEPPA.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

The Muse of Poetry has always indulged in the habit of fixing her inspired eyes on a brilliant incident in a man's career, and forgetting entirely the rest of his life. She leaves a great deal to the imagination of her worshippers. Mazeppa is a case in point. This individual and his fiery steed have for years been madly dashing up the canvas mountains on the stage; the animal has appeared with flaming nostrils, and its rider in a picturesque though uncomfortable position, on nearly every blank wall and board fence in the country. Mazeppa and his steed have furnished thousands of similes to hard-pressed writers, and yet very few people know who Mazeppa really was.

Ivan Stepanovitch Mazeppa was born in Poland in 1644. His grandfather had been a colonel in the Russian army, but about half a century before Ivan Mazzepa's birth, the colonel with his family had been captured by the Poles. The colonel was put to death, but his family remained in Poland, and by this turn in the tide of war Mazeppa became a Pole instead of a Russian.

Mazeppa was sent to college, where he received an excellent education. From the "cloistered shades" of this institution of learning he was transferred to the court of King John Casimir to serve as one of the king's pages. He was already handsome and graceful, and in his new sphere he showed an aptitude for martial exercises that excited the envy of some, and the admiration of others—among the latter were numbered the ladies of the court, for since Mazeppa had left college he had learned to speak softer words than Greek nouns or Latin verbs—though how he managed to say anything soft in Polish seems a mystery to the present writer. But love in Polish is probably as sweet as love in English; at any rate, Mazeppa spoke of love. It was to the wrong person, however.

There was a beautiful lady at court. Her husband was, as Byron expresses it—

"A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from Heaven he had been sent."

The fair Theresa was his junior by thirty years, and she "grew daily tired of his dominion." Mazeppa met her and fell in love, and, not having the fear of a certain commandment before his eyes, he told her of his passion, and—

"She listened—'tis enough;
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart be sure is not of ice."

Lord Byron tells the tale in his famous poem, in which we hear only one side of the story—Mazeppa's—who relates how—

"One fair night some lurking spies
Surprised and seized us both."

The count was something more than wroth, as well he might be, and he determined to make the punishment worthy of the crime. We are informed that the enraged husband had the fascinating page tarred and feathered, a circumstance which rather detracts from the romance of the affair, and which Byron does not mention. If Mazeppa had ridden on a rail, instead of a "Tartar of the Ukraine breed," we should never have heard of him.

A horse wild as the wild deer, and untaught, was ordered by the count. On his back the writhing body of Mazeppa was bound with many thongs.

"Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away! and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash."

The horse made straight for his home—the distant province of Ukraine. He dashed with his helpless burden through forest, plain and river for more than a day; as at last the noble brute staggered with weariness, he was overtaken by a troop of wild horses, which, wheeling around, left him to die with a human being tied to his stiffening body. Mazeppa became insensible. When he again opened his eyes, a Cossack maiden stood regarding him with pity. Making him a sign not to speak, she went away and soon returned with her parents, who conveyed him to the nearest hut.

Voltaire, from whom Byron is said to have borrowed the theme of his poem, relates these particulars in his life of Charles XII. When Mazeppa regained his strength, he joined the Cossack army, and finally became Governor of Ukraine. He succeeded in gaining the favor of Czar Peter the Great; but he was high-spirited, and taking offence at some act of that imperious monarch's, he left the Russian court, and soon after joined the army of Charles XII. The daring object of this young Swedish prince was the dethronement of the Czar.

In this connection Voltaire relates a story, which he may have borrowed from Mazeppa's enemies—the Russians.

Mazeppa, having completed his agreement with Charles XII., invited some Cossack chiefs to his palace, in order to secure their co-operation. As a necessary preliminary, he made them all drunk. While in this state, he persuaded them to swear that they would assist his new ally. The chieftains made no objection to this, but they showed a decided dislike to allow any portable article to remain in the room. One of Mazeppa's attendants objected very strongly to this wholesale pillage; whereupon the Cossacks complained to his master, who, in answer to their demand, surrendered the offender to them. The chiefs condescended to accept this peace-offering, and to smooth their angry brows. They amused themselves by torturing the faithful servant, until one of them plunged a dagger into his heart and ended his sufferings.

The Swedish king was utterly defeated by the all-powerful Czar. Accompanied by Mazeppa, he fled to Turkey. Even there the vengeance of Peter the Great pursued the fugitive, and it was only by dying that Mazeppa escaped it. It is supposed that he committed suicide. He died at Bender, in Turkey, in 1709.

Thus died a man of whose life very little is known, excepting the one romantic episode which Byron has embalmed in undying verse. Tradition hints that he was cruel, treacherous and unscrupulous, yet poetry has invested his name with a charm that has made it known in lands of whose existence *he* scarcely knew.

THE RAIN.

BY VIVIEN.

Tapping gently on the roof,
Patt'ring down among the leaves—
While a swallow sings aloof
Underneath the hanging eaves
Comes the rain.

Welcome, welcome! sings the bird,
Benedicite, chants the wind,
Till all earth takes up the word
For the blessing that they find
Through the rain

Lo! the rain-clouds float away,
And the rain-drops in the sun
Glint and glimmer, while the day
Endeth well, though ill begun
Amid rain.

A Conversation after Church.

"Oh, mother," said Miss Eliza Jenkins, throwing off her wrap, "such a sight I have seen."

"Ah? Many at church? What was dear Brother Reed's text? I dote upon his sermons," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Fiddlesticks—you wouldn't dote upon 'em if he wasn't a widower; as for his text, it's somewhere in Paul's Epistle to somebody. You can look for it if you've a mind to. But the sight I have seen—"

"Oh, yes—what is it? You always see *everything*."

"Why it's that frisky little Widow Munroe. She's come home with loads of finery, and it's the dabbiest stuff ever I did see. She's got a horrid ugly bonnet—makes her look as black as tar; and her dress doesn't fit at all, if a dressmaker did make it—but I don't believe that, dressmakers don't often turn out such jobs as hers—she calls it some fashionable name for silk, but it's the poorest silk I ever saw. Well, the truth is, I wouldn't wear anything she's got. And there went John Thomas with her, dressed in *his* best. Guess she thinks she'll get him now, with all that finery."

"Pshaw," said the affectionate mother, "you needn't fear her. John don't care three straws for her. These widows have a way of making a man wait on them whether they want to or not."

Eliza heaved a sigh, mentally wishing she was a widow, for she was not at all popular with the gentlemen.

"She's got her bonnet perched away on the back of her head—says it's the fashion. I don't like her one bit. She's a real hateful, manœuvring woman. John would have walked in church with me if she hadn't come rattling by. There's the door-bell. Who can it be?"

Mrs. Jenkins went to the door and came back, followed by a pretty little woman, well-dressed, if she did have her bonnet "perched away on the back of her head."

"Why, Mrs. Munroe," exclaimed Eliza.

"No kind of you to come in," kissing her. "I was just saying you were the kindest creature in the world. Have this chair? I've been trying to give mother an idea of your bonnet. Look, mother, isn't it a beauty? How I envy you."

"Oh, it is quite a duck," said the mother.

"And this lovely dress—fits so well and hangs so nice. I've often said, Mrs. Munroe, you looked stylish in anything; even in your every-day wrapper you look as elegant as the rest of us in our best."

"Oh, you flatter, my dear," said the lady.

"No wonder Mr. Thomas is so much in love," remarked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Oh, you're mistaken—I—"

"His actions speak too plainly, my dear," continued Mrs. Jenkins, "but what have you been doing to make you so pretty?"

"Why, mother," said Eliza, "as if Mrs. Munroe didn't always look fresh and pretty. I wish you'd teach me the art. Somehow you always have the nicest dresses, the loveliest bonnets, of any one. I've often spoken to ma about your exquisite taste."

"What did you give for that beautiful bonnet?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Twenty dollars."

"I knew it must be somewhere along there."

"Bonnets are very dear," said the widow; "but," rising from her seat, "I must go. I came in to see if you would come over this evening and sing with us? Brother Reed wants us to teach some new songs to the Sabbath-school children. We've concluded to begin this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, certainly we'll come," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Thank you. Well, good-morning;" and the young widow stepped out.

"Well, 'Liza," exclaimed the mother, "it is real dabby stuff, sure enough. That bonnet never no more cost twenty dollars than yours did. It is surprising how some folks do act. Come, let me curl your hair again to wear to the singing this evening. I'm glad she asked us—but good gracious me—*that bonnet!*" DAISY BURNS.

A Misguided Book-Agent.

A book-agent entered the open door of a snug Pittsfield cottage one day last week, and, nodding to a trim, bright-looking little woman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal biography, cook-book, dictionary, family physician, short-hand instructor, and contained, besides, a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world, from the apple incident and Adam's fall to Credit Mobilier and the fall of Congress. The work contained five thousand chapters, all with running titles. The agent, after talking on the general excellencies of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of those chapters, and as the woman did not say a word to interrupt him, he felt that he was making a conquest, and he rattled away so that she shouldn't have a chance to say no. It took him nearly half an hour, and as he breathlessly went on the sweat started from his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when he finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile, and hand her his ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name to the order-book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list, she lifted a scrap of paper from her work-box, and wrote in plain letters, "I'm deaf and dum." He said not a word, but the unutterable things that he looked as he turned to the door would fill a library.—*Exchange.*

☞ There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than beauty.

☞ Enjoy the blessings of this day if Providence sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to the morrow.

WAYFARERS.

The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But, oh! my love, my darling,
No ill to us can come,
No terror turn us from the path,
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, my darling
So tired, the tender feet;
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest! how sweet!
For lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us, shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

We've lost the flowers we gathered
So early in the morn;
And on we go, with empty hands,
And garments soiled and worn.
But, oh! the dear All Father
Will out to meet us come,
And fairer flowers and whiter robes
There wait for us at home.

Art cold, my love, and famished?
Art faint and sore athirst?
Be patient yet a little while,
And joy will burst at first;
For oh! the sun sets never
Within that land of bliss,
And there shalt eat the bread of life
And drink life's wine at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,
And thick across the evening sky
The darkling shadows creep;
But, oh! my love, press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set
We two are going home.

MANUEL THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR,

Whose anonymous account of circumstances connected with the story is kept secret at her own request.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANE'S REMORSE.

"Dear lamb!" cried old Kian, her tears falling.

"Hush!—she is coming to," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as Della opened her eyes and moved them languidly from face to face.

The servants having now returned with the body of the lieutenant, Mr. St. Lemoine beckoned them to bear him into the opposite room, but Della, springing from the couch on which she had lain prostrate, flew from her father's arms and knelt down by the side of the young man, so lately full of life and hope.

"Not dead! father," she cried, lifting her imploring eyes to his face; "oh! not dead. How still he lies! how white his lips are—and his eyes! oh! father—father! it looks like death."

They had sent into town for a physician; he came—saw the body—shook his head—there had been no life for some time, he said, and proceeded to question Della. She recounted tremblingly—her lips pale, her cheeks deathly white—the expression he had used—"I think I am stung!" also the impression he seemed to have that it was a spider or a scorpion.

"If he stood under a tree," said the doctor, "he might have been struck by the cencoushi or bush-master; but in that case immediate inflammation would have supervened, as it would also if it had been a poisonous spider. It is a very singular case, for most assuredly life is gone, and yet I see nothing on the neck that would indicate a poisonous wound."

Alarmed by the confusion, the professor left his room and hurried below stairs. What was his consternation to see the man he had parted from, so smiling and secure in health, but an hour before, stretched rigid and white, while Della, supported by her father, hung over the body in an agony of sorrow.

"This is dreadful!" he exclaimed.

"Dreadful, indeed, sir," returned the physician—"a case unparalleled in all the extent of my practice. If he had been but slightly indisposed—if any fever had hung about him, I might have been able to come to some satisfactory conclusion, but he appears to have been struck down in perfect health. You will notice that there is not the slightest distortion of the features, as if he had died in pain. Only the muscles appear contracted, as if from extreme physical weakness. Very singular, indeed—very singular. My friend," he added, speaking to Mr. St. Lemoine, "look to your daughter—this scene is too much for her."

"Oh! don't take me away, father—let me stay with him—at least till they restore him. He cannot be dead, I think," she gasped, gazing with glassy, hopeless eyes toward the doctor—"I think he cannot be dead! Oh! his poor mother!—his mourning family!—two sons—their only ones! Father—*you don't* think he is dead."

"Della," whispered Mr. St. Lemoine, "leave our poor friend with the doctor; if indeed there may be life," he added to soothe her, "he can tell by a more careful examination."

They made preparations to carry the body up-stairs. The servants affected great horror, and protested so earnestly against touching it that Manuel was sent for. Cowering in his chamber he listened to the knock on his door and the demand of the porter who came up after him.

There was no light in the room, but every object was visible by the rays of the moon. He opened the door, striving in vain to steady his nerves.

"Young Lieutenant Warren, sir—he dead down-stairs—massa sent me to come tell you help lift him to the room up-stairs, sir."

"Great Heaven! dead, did you say?" exclaimed Manuel, his voice shaking. He had been indulging a vague hope that the poison had not taken effect. It was horrible to view himself as a murderer.

"Yes, sir, dead as a door-post. Massa said won't you come down directly, sir, help carry the body—can't hire none of us—we's Congos and mighty 'fraid to touch anybody that's died mysterious."

"Me—*me* help carry the body!" exclaimed Manuel in a low awe-struck tone, stepping back as he spoke.

"Lawa, yes, sir—don't do no harm to white men—make Congos mighty sick, though. S'pose you'll come, sir."

"Tell him I'm not well," said Manuel in a muffled voice, "say that I have—stop; come back here; I'll be down in a minute say—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, and hurried away.

With mingled awe and terror, Manuel prepared to undertake his fearful duty. Swallowing some spirits to fortify himself, and walking back and forth striving to hide all traces of agitation, he, after a few moments, hurried down the stairs and entered the room, not with glances of feigned but real horror, though his expressions were counterfeit.

"What does this mean?" he cried, looking from one to the other.

"It means that your prediction came true sooner than you looked for it," said the professor, whose thoughts had been running on Manuel. The latter started, cast a scrutinizing glance on the professor, whose calm, impenetrable face he could not read, while the guilty blood surged over his face.

"I little thought of this," he murmured, controlling himself by a violent effort, "how do they account for it? What could have caused it?"

"That is not yet known," replied the other. "The physician is confident that he could not have died in a fit, yet there is no wound that a poisonous insect could have given. He complained of being stung in the neck—it is really a mysterious thing—and awful, exceedingly awful! To think!—one hour ago he stood in yonder room, apparently in the full flush of health—but the doctor says there is no doubt of his death—yes, the limbs are already stiffening. We cannot get the negroes to touch the body, so you and I and the doctor will have to carry it up where it can be examined to better advantage. You are quite overcome, are you not?" he added, looking at Manuel; "your hands shake and your cheeks are pallid."

"I—I am truly overcome," muttered Manuel, on whom a sudden terror had fallen as he felt himself in close proximity to the unfortunate lieutenant, and remembered what ties he had severed, that more hearts than Della's would mourn over this shocking event—and that forever on his soul was the stigma of blood-guiltiness.

What emotions were his as he was directed to lift *the head*, while Professor Vance and the physician took the body; how the flesh, growing ice-cold, paralyzed his nerves, so that the neck appeared to turn and the face to writhe under his touch. And when the body was deposited on the bed—and passing from the room, he heard the low moans and sobs of Della, his knees refused to support him, he tottered and leaned against the wall for support. Everywhere he read his guilt in characters of fire. His soul, so penetrated with evil that he could calmly dwell upon the intended accomplishment of the atrocious deed, now seemed the abode of accusing fiends who tortured him almost to madness.

"And what, after all, is my gain?" he asked himself, fiercely; "what have I done, save to satisfy this feverish thirst for vengeance? Have I accomplished the purpose for which I have schemed? Strive as I will, am I any nearer to Della St. Lemoine than I have ever been? Is not the difference in our station just the same as ever?"

But even while these feelings possessed him, a strange hope took rest in his heart—a wild, mad hope, that for the time made him oblivious of his remorse.

What he could not gain by direct assault, he might obtain by some other well-timed stratagem—and what he wished to gain, was the hand of Della St. Lemoine. At all events, one obstacle was out of the way—Lieutenant Warren could never possess the idol of his soul. As he gloated over this thought, there came to his mind the insults, the innuendoes, the triumphant malice of the man who could never insult or triumph over him again, and he almost gloried in the result of his terrible scheme while these feelings had possession of him.

CHAPTER XI.

DEADLY WORSHIP—THE STORY OF A VISITATION.

The next day came the governor and his *suite*, and all the officers from the garrison. People were perplexed with the mystery of the death for which the medical men, after the strictest investigation, could not account. The body of the young nobleman was treated as became his rank, and at the first convenient opportunity conveyed to England, as that would undoubtedly be the wish of his bereaved family.

Della was too ill to attend the services at the house, or even to see the corpse. According to the custom in the colonies of British Guiana, the young lord was placed in a coffin, covered with white silk velvet, and delicately embroidered. The handles and plate were of gold. Flowers were placed in wreaths at the head and foot of the corpse, and his sword, a weapon of exquisite workmanship, lay sheathed upon the coffin.

A great *cortege* followed the hearse, for the extraordinary circumstances of his death had drawn thither curious as well as sympathizing crowds. Sadly moved that long procession on that summer's afternoon. The sun was veiled in clouds—slow and solemn the music sounded from the colonial band—and thus instead of the bridal rejoicings anticipated so soon, the heavy plumes of the funeral hearse and the tap of the muffled drum made eye and ear sad. Tidings were sent to England, and in the return letter came the announcement that Lady Warren had died of grief soon after the receipt of the missive informing her of her son's decease.

For many mournful weeks, Della moved pale and sorrowful about the great house, and, perhaps, because Manuel had once been intimate for a long period of time with her unfortunate lover—she seemed to seek solace in his society. Doubtless he appeared more than ever like a brother, now that in her bereavement she had neither mother nor sister in whose sympathizing bosoms to pour out her grief. The professor, taking a hurried leave of the family, had finally started for the interior, accompanied by his guide, and several servants, bearing cases and instruments. It had long been his intention to go up the Essequibo, and penetrate into the mountains—a tour which might possibly take him six months to accomplish. Perhaps there had been raised sweet and eager hopes in his breast, since the unfortunate calamity so mysterious and so fatal. When he said farewell to Della, Manuel noted that a tenderness came over his whole manner, that even to him seemed irresistibly fascinating, and he breathed more freely when he had gone.

And now Della depended on the Dane for much of her sad recreation. The relation which it was understood she bore toward the deceased for awhile kept the house desolate; her grief was respected, though more than one heart beat high with hope. Manuel, therefore, when her father could not, accompanied her in her walks, and she, calling on him momently for trifling attentions, unconsciously strengthened his mad passion, which she deemed forever conquered. She had never known its strength. For hours he would sit near her, a silent worshipper. It mattered not that he knew or could guess whither her thoughts tended. The abstracted vision, the prolonged sigh, were more eloquent than words. Then she would call upon him to play for her. Books were opened where he who lay sleeping had last used them; songs that were marked by his touch and his pencil, mutely asked for, and as she sat aside, listening with tear-filled eyes, it was not difficult to make that form before the instrument appear as another's. Manuel was tall, and exquisitely graceful when he tried to please. His appearance, when sitting or standing, with his face from her, was very similar to that of the young lieutenant.

But it was hard for Manuel, when at last she began to talk of him—the buried one. Ah! little she knew how every word she said harrowed his very soul; how it brought before him, in damning characters, the accusation of his guilt.

Yet all that, and more, he could have borne, rather than she should be silent. Every little condescending action of hers, every sweetly appealing glance or request, but strengthened the worship of his soul; and he dared to hope that he was not unattractive to her. Would she so hang on his arm, would she look for him—miss him—if she only felt the common impulses of friendship?

He did not reflect upon her solitary fate; how she yearned for and needed companionship. The governor's niece had gone on a visit to England; so had several of the families of the colony, including that of Mr. Mandeville.

Della could not make confidantes of Rose or Kian. Good, honest hearts they had, but they were not cultivated; they were not, like Manuel, refined by study and association with superior minds. Della did repose the utmost confidence in Manuel. She had known him since her childhood. He was a good, honest, high-minded, intelligent brother, in her sight—nothing more. Perhaps had she not been so absorbed with her own sorrow, she might have read aright the eloquent language of the Dane's eyes; might have seen his eager hope in the flushing of his cheek, the suppressed sigh, the heaving chest; the quick, glad step that ushered him into her presence; but, alas for her, she was blind to all this.

Meanwhile his passion was growing beyond his control. Oh! to hear a word of something more than mere regard from her he would almost have died. To see her eye brighten at his approach with a light warmer than friendship gives, would have been bliss overpowering. His remorse for the past was for the time obliterated by his keen hope, his returning anxiety.

They were talking of the professor one day, having but just heard from him by an Indian, who had brought a letter to Mr. St. Lemoine.

It was drawing toward evening. The Barbadian doves were preparing for sleep in their silver cages. Lupina lay stretched out upon a splendid rug at Della's feet, and the clustering, star-like flowers on the vines sent a delicious perfume through the latticed verandah where Della and Manuel sat together.

Just opposite hung golden oranges within the hand's reach; without, vistas of green, variegated by splendidly brilliant colors and glorious tintings of every shade, spread before them a view of enchanting loveliness. Within might be seen the gleaming of statues, the Orient-like richness of costly pictures, the flashing of gilded frames, the swaying of dainty laces, while the voice of the fountains in the court, dreamy and melodious, lent its magical influence to the scene.

"Did you know," said Della, softly, "how much you resemble Professor Vance?"

"*I* resemble *him!*" exclaimed Manuel, a keen delight making his eye luminous—"oh, no! he is very handsome!"

"True, but you must be aware that you are not ill-looking," was the artless reply.

Another flash of pleasure irradiated the Dane's features.

"And there is a similarity in your fortunes—or fate, as poor old Kian would say. His parents were lost at sea in a storm—wrecked on a coral-reef, near one of the islands in this vicinity—when he was ten years old, but he found kind friends who adopted him and reared him as their own."

"While I was reared a menial," exclaimed Manuel, bitterly. "There the parallel ceases!"

"Manuel," said Della, warmly, surprised at his sudden passion, "you almost take away my breath with your savage voice. You know nobody here thinks of you or considers you as a menial. You are a kind friend—my father's right hand, as he sometimes calls you. What if your earlier days were passed among associates you do not like to recall? You were a poor, fatherless little child, who could do nothing for yourself. Be satisfied that you have now found your right position—that you are respected and loved."

"Loved!" he cried, low and eagerly, his heart leaping, his eyes shining, while, as if to restrain a sudden impulse to fall at her feet, he moved his chair, hastily, further away.

"Yes, Manuel, respected and loved. My father looks upon you almost in the light of a son—I in that of a brother."

"And that *is* all," he exclaimed, springing up, folding his arms tightly over his chest to keep down its laboring impulses, while he walked to and fro, taking short, nervous steps, but so passionately that the very boards trembled under his tread. "Oh! Della, most painfully I feel what I am, what is my destiny. Alone, without family or name—without standing or profession, without friends such as I crave, without fortune, yet consumed by a hopeless, an undying attachment, which is at the same time my blessing and my curse—Della, I wish to Heaven the waves in that fatal moment of storm had swallowed me up."

"You are pale, excited—in trouble," said Della, with sweet womanly sympathy, "what is it, Manuel? confide in me. I assure you, you may with perfect confidence, for since I have known sorrow I have learned how to pity."

"Della—Della—it is not pity I want; you will drive me mad," cried the Dane, pausing, showing a face whitened, showing lips locked together in a firm pressure, and eyes full of woe."

"I, *I* drive you mad?" asked Della, softly, half fearful, "you are not yourself; I don't understand you to-night, Manuel."

"Della, I am driven to it; do not blame me—do not leave me, but hear my confession—I *must* tell you if your father strike me dead for it. For ten years my soul has borne your image. The first time I saw you in that wretched place you called home, young as I was, a sudden, wondrous passion filled my whole being. I loved you purely as a child—I have loved you every moment since. Oh, Della, is there not something I can do to prove how well I love you? If you will but say you do or may feel the least regard for me—the least warmth of friendship that may deepen into love, there is nothing I will not aspire to that I may make myself worthy of you. I will study, I will travel; I will in some manner win a name and a fortune—only give me—no matter for what period, something to hope for. You will—oh! you will! Never, never can you be loved more fervently by any human heart than by mine. Only give me some little token that I may hope for you in the future, and I would willingly die for you. Della—don't despise—don't refuse me!"

For a few moments the young girl sat staring blankly at the Dane, whose vehemence frightened her, but of whose genuineness of passion she could feel no doubt. Her cheek had gradually lost all color, her eye all fire—but she was a woman, and she pitied him—besides she felt sorrowful, for she had lost a friend.

"Manuel," she said, as tears gathered in her eyes, "you forget."

This gentle reproach, this delicate allusion to the sad bereavement she had so recently sustained, instead of checking, renewed his ardor.

"No—I do not forget, Della—but I am dying, while my passion is hopeless. I do not forget—I do not ask you to forget *him*—but he is in his grave. Mourn as you will, you cannot bring him back. He cannot speak to you, again—never more can look in your eyes—never more listen, never more love; while *I* live in torture, in longing for one kind word and look. Della, ask what you will of me to prove my love, but do not let me, living, bear about a dead heart."

"Manuel," said Della, with deep emotion, "I am so sorry! so sorry you have spoken of this! I thought you had learned to regard me as a sister, with that calm and holy love which the angels feel; I little dreamed that while so quiet, so respectful, so attentive, your emotions toward me were so wild and passionate, or I should have kept the solitude of my own room. I cannot—I never can—"

"No! no! no!" cried Manuel, with vehemence, "you must not say the word that shall blast me. Remember I am an orphan, without father, mother, brother or sister; who have I in the wide world to love? No one but you. Therefore, do not say you *cannot* love me; let the words be unspoken, and I will wait as in the vision of the night I was commanded?"

"The vision—what vision?" exclaimed Della, her thoughts turned into a new channel.

"Shall I tell you? I fear you cannot bear it," said Manuel, "and yet—I saw it—and lived. No, no, we had better say nothing more just now—just here. A creeping horror chills me; I never believed such things before."

"Manuel, you *must* tell me," cried Della, grown pale, all her superstitious fancies awakened.

"Then let us at least go where there are lights," said Manuel, his heart beating high at the unlooked-for success of his suddenly conceived stratagem. "In these dim shadows, I shall imagine the sight that was so palpable before. Had I better go on?" he asked, with well-feigned hesitation, as Della, white with expectancy, seated herself on a lounge near an open window.

"Oh! tell me—tell me," whispered Della.

"Well, I left your father late last night, it might have been near twelve. I had been copying letters for three or four hours, and my eyes ached with fatigue. I took a candle, placed a shade over it, and walked slowly to my room. I had just reached the door, when a sudden, short, sharp gust of wind came by me, and the candle went out as if some one had stooped over the shade and blown it vehemently. I thought it was strange, for the flame was well protected, and I had never known it to happen before; but I groped my way inside the room, and began feeling about for matches. I had been dull and sleepy, with a sensation of oppression about the head, but this trifling accident had the effect of thoroughly rousing me. So, as I said, I went stumbling across the room, all my faculties wide awake, when, just as I was about to place my hand on the match-lighter, I heard a singular rustling noise, and felt a recurrence of the same cold, sharp current of air, that seemed to lift my hair from my temples. Gradually I became aware that the room was not as dark as it had been. Little by little a pale light slowly rising and illuminating, filled it so that I could see every object. I felt bewildered, but not alarmed. It seemed to me as if somebody was there, and as yet I could see no form. My large arm-chair was placed with its front to the window, consequently as I stood at the back part of the room, I was behind it. That was the only object I could not see distinctly. Whenever I looked toward it a film seemed to come over my eyes, or else some mysterious cloud enveloped it. At last, as I stood gazing and wondering, something darkened my window. I kept my vision straight toward it, and as I gazed, the singular shadow gradually took shape. At first it was airy, and I seemed to look through it; but in a moment it became denser, then the colors of—it is too much for you," exclaimed Manuel, abruptly pausing.

"No—no," gasped, rather than spoke, the pale girl, "please go on; my heart tells me what you will say next. Oh! that he would come to me!" and yielding to her excitement, she burst into tears.

"Well, the colors of *his* uniform became visible. I knew in a moment who it was, though I could not see his face. My flesh crept, my hair stood up, my blood grew cold; still I did not stir. I never shall forget the impression his motion gave me; so stealthy! I did not see a foot lifted, a finger moved, but it came on, and in a minute I was conscious that it sat in my chair.

"For many moments I tried to speak, but my tongue seemed palsied. At last, when I recovered its use, I said, as near as I can recollect, 'What have you come for? Are you unhappy?'

"Then there was a rustling, and I gathered strength, for I had seemed to lose it, to go round and face him. I do not know as I can describe him—his look was kindly. I thought there was a smile on his lip—in fine, he appeared as he used to before"—the speaker paused abruptly, dashed his hand over his face, on which a peculiar expression was noticeable, and trembled violently.

"You—you do not surely see it now," gasped Della, grasping at his arm.

"Oh! no, no; I was—was only thinking," was his reply. "Where was I? oh! he looked kindly, friendly—as—when we two were like—brothers; and he said—"

Manuel was now really and intensely agitated. His breath became short and labored—he glared wildly about him on every side. It might be conviction of the utter falsity of his narrative, or that the real terror into which he had wrought himself made him fear that some horrible shape would rise up and brand him perjured and a murderer. For a full moment he appeared unable to go on. His lips moved with a rattling sound, his eyeballs started forward, while Della, who had fallen back against the lounge, sat motionless, gazing toward him in blank terror.

A servant came in at that moment to snuff the candles, and as it took some time to remove the three shades, and place them on again, the spell was broken. Manuel lifted himself with a sigh of relief—wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and though his lips trembled, he resumed the story, first protesting that he had rather wait till the morrow—but Della would by no means consent.

"You will not blame me, then—nor hold me responsible for what he said," murmured Manuel, with much effort preventing a recurrence of the strange tremor that had before seized him.

"Well, then, he said, 'my friend, you love Della. She does not now return that love; be patient. You were my companion before I knew her—that fact must strengthen her attachment to you. Be patient, wait—wait'—and repeating the word 'wait,' most solemnly, most impressively, he vanished, and I was alone. I tried to consider it but as an illusion; in vain. He had been there—the spirit of the man I"—he grew pallid again—again dashed his hand across his face. What power had prevented the articulation of that terrible word that sprang uncalled, unwelcome to his lips—"murdered."

"Manuel, will you ring for Rose? I feel faint and weary," murmured Della.

"Forgive me—I would not have told you, but remember, you insisted."

"Yes, yes—I don't blame you," said Della, with a haste that seemed almost petulance; "I am very weary—and—and it is late," she repeated, with an anxious look. "Good-night," and leaning on Rose, she moved languidly to her room.

"Have I lost or gained?" muttered Manuel.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE TREACHERY.

The next day and the day following, Della was hardly visible. After that, her demeanor toward Manuel was very quiet and self-possessed, but not even as fond as it had been before. He often caught her eyes fixed upon him with a strange meaning that he could not read in their depths. She almost avoided him, but when by any accident she met him, but few words passed between them. Manuel was in torture as may well be supposed. Gradually there came gentlemen to see the fair mistress of the house. To be sure they made but short and formal calls, but Manuel grudged the very smiles with which the idol of his soul received them, and wished them all manner of evil. Among those who came most unguardedly, were young Wooden, the governor's nephew, Earl Tracy and M. Bernard. These three had still hopes of engaging the fair mistress of the Everglades—although no one of them felt so ardent and undisguised a love as M. Bernard. Earl Tracy unsuspectingly made Manuel his confidant, and as he was noted for his vanity, the former bore the boasting language of his earlship with commendable patience, until his jealousy was fearfully roused again.

"It is true, I assure you," the earl said, one day, in his intensely condescending style, "the beautiful girl *loves* me, and I intend to make her Lady Tracy, if her father will give her to me. Of course, you know, he would never refuse, as it is an honor which few untitled men receive to have their daughters demanded in marriage by England's first nobility. Not a bad match in point of looks—eh, Manuel!"

"You look as old as her father," said Manuel, bluntly.

"Eh! now really, that is not flattering," said the earl, his cheek reddening a little, "but I can excuse much to those who are not of the *noblesse*. Unfortunately they have not that intuitive perception as to what good manners are, which we of nicer hereditary taste, possess. It seems, at any rate," he added incautiously, "the lady herself does not think so—for she has almost as good as consented to shine in the Queen's drawing-rooms, as the beautiful lady of Earl Tracy. Now say, you poor fellow, don't you quite envy me?"

Manuel's eyes flashed fire. The earl stepped backward uneasily, muttering between his teeth—"it's a Bengal tiger for ferocity, and its eyes are bloody. Egad, I'll get out of its way."

He was not destined, however, to get out of his way as easily as he imagined. That night the earl went home quite ill. After a week's sickness he returned again, pale and crestfallen, eager to stop some days and recruit. But there the strange malady that made him so powerless, and to which the physician could give no name, attacked him again, and this time with symptoms so marked and dangerous, that it was decided only an entire change of air would give him permanent benefit; and he returned to England alone—pale, weak, verging on to death's door, slowly and gradually declining.

The next to feel the effects of Manuel's mania, was young Wooden. He was now a daily visitor, and with M. Bernard had become conscious of a hope that he was not distasteful to her. Della encouraged neither. She treated them with the respect due to her father's friends, and she was deeply pained to receive, one day, a declaration of love from both young Wooden and M. Bernard. She refused both, but in so gentle and tender a manner, that young Wooden was far from being discouraged, and M. Bernard laid his case before her father, who was delighted, and promised to do all in his power to forward the union. As in the earl's case, so Manuel was now made a confidant of young Wooden's hopes and fears. He declared his positive belief that Della would, as soon as delicacy allowed, receive him on the footing of an accepted lover; and again Manuel's fierce jealousy was kindled. The continued coldness of Della worked him at times almost into frenzy; and it was in one of his most desponding moods that Wooden communicated with him, viewing him in the light of a brother who took a strong interest in the welfare of so beautiful and gentle a girl.

That night the young man exhibited strange symptoms. He was restless, irritable, or else unwontedly gay, becoming so wild at times that he excited the wonder of the inmates. But the fearful fact was soon ascertained—a temporary madness had seized his brain, and by midnight his raving, his attempts at self-destruction, were terrible to behold. Four strong negroes were unable to master him. The governor was summoned, physicians were sent for, and under an escort he was conveyed home. When the paroxysm had passed, his health seemed permanently injured. He became subject to fits of despondency—the violent potion which Manuel had administered in wine having produced a most injurious effect upon both mind and body. He, too, was sent to England, and now only one remained upon the field to contest the point of victory with the half-maddened and implacable Dane.

M. Bernard was warmly seconded in his suit by Mr. St. Lemoine. The latter was impressed in his favor from the first; M. Bernard's gentlemanly and unassuming manners had won upon his regards—and he was fabulously wealthy. Not yet thirty-nine, possessing an agreeable face, fine manners and robust health, he was not wholly unacceptable to Della, who saw that her father had set his heart upon the match, and though she felt that her first, freshest love was buried in the grave with poor young Warren, yet the delicate attentions of M. Bernard, his extreme devotion to her, insensibly paved the way to her preference. Of Manuel's strange warning she had come to think as a dream. Her whole soul recoiled from the idea of wedding the Dane. She knew her proud father would resent such a possibility—that if he dreamed of an attempt on the part of the Dane to speak to her of love, that moment Manuel would be homeless. The more she reflected on the character of her early playmate, the less she found to admire. He had shown himself passionate and selfish more than once on the most trifling provocations. The strange, defiant glare of his eye, which could yet soften into such tenderness, alarmed her; and she had evidence that his nature, though capable of the fondest love, was yet too subtle and too revengeful to promise happiness. So she allowed herself to be pleased with M. Bernard, well aware that her father, now growing infirm, longed to see his child settled—and though conscious of no quick heart-throb at his approach, yet feeling no dislike of his personal attributes and mental gifts.

But Manuel, and perhaps also a higher power, had decreed that it was not to be.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT IN THE FOREST. THE THEFT. THE STRANGE RECOGNITION. WOUBALI.

Meanwhile as the moons waxed and waned, Professor Vance with his guide and Africans made rapid progress through the woods, and moved leisurely from plain to forest, collecting specimens as he went—setting up his tent near the Indian villages, where he could study the habits of the natives, write down his discoveries, or sketch the wonderful views afforded by that most marvellous part of the world.

It was not his custom to remain long in one place, however, as whenever his immediate work was finished, his mind was assailed by thoughts of the home that had become so attractive to him—the residence of Della St. Lemoine.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "it was premature in me to leave just at this time. I have a fame and fortune; who knows but I might have won her?—and yet I could not make the attempt, with the memory of that poor young fellow's dead face haunting me—it would accuse me as from the grave for my unseemly haste. No; if Providence intends her for my wife, I am sure some way will be made clear for me; I must in the meantime prosecute my studies, and gather the information they look for so eagerly at home."

One day after his return from a botanical excursion, the professor missed one of his most valuable instruments. Every man was questioned, but none were able to answer for the abstracted article. The professor had left one negro in charge of the valuables—he on being closely questioned admitted that he had left the tent for a few moments. During that time some prowling thief must have entered and stolen the missing treasure. It was a very small instrument, but quite valuable, having cost him one hundred dollars, and as the professor intended experimenting with it, the loss annoyed him exceedingly.

The guide and four of the Africans immediately expressed their willingness to search, and sallied forth, well armed, eager to bring the thief to justice. Directing the men not to remain out longer than till twelve, the professor set up his camp-desk, that he might pass the time in writing.

The place in which he had pitched his tents was a natural amphitheatre. In the day time, the sight of the hills greenly clad, the noble sweep of the forest around the circular plot, was unusually beautiful; and seen by the light of the moon, its loveliness was agreeably softened. The little home-like tent looked cheerful, illuminated as it was by two candles, and the blaze of a bright fire some few yards from the entrance which served to banish insects within a certain circumference.

The professor was attired in a strong, dark-linen suit, which set off his elegant person to advantage. He had bound a red handkerchief about his hair to keep it from his temples, and whenever he glanced up, the resemblance to Manuel was more than ever striking. His servant stood some distance from him, washing the utensils in which the supper had been cooked. He was a mongrel Indian, possessing the elongated features, high cheek-bones and swarthy skin of the savage, and the crisp, curled hair of the negro. Near him on a temporary stand were scattered luscious fruits, pine-apples, bananas, sour-sop and pomegranates.

Outside the night smiled gloriously. Every tree, every shrub, every spear of grass was silvered by the rays of the great white moon, the sky was of that intense blueness that it seemed one inlaid arch, where the stars faintly glittered, the hills in the distance glistened and corruscated as if covered with diamonds, and the almost overpowering fragrance of the flowers, filled the air with an odor that it was ecstacy to breathe.

"Obed, hurry to the spring and bring fresh water," said the professor, turning to his servant.

The man caught up a canteen and sallied forth. Even he was struck with the sublimity and beauty of the scene, and uttered an impressive "ky!" as he stood for a moment gazing on the wondrous fairness of the night.

Suddenly he started, gave a shout and tumbled into the tent.

"Master, they's coming," he cried, "I sees their torches, and I knows by the noise they's got something."

"Sure enough," said the professor, standing outside, "the brave fellows have brought two prisoners along with them, haven't they?"

"Yes, two red-men, true as you live, master—I knows them by their walk, way off that distance; and now I sees their blankets. Master, if I was you, I'd give 'em a touch of the fire, the Injen thieves—they'd steal the teeth out of a man's head, master—ky! I'll go meet 'em." And forgetting the water, he threw down the canteen and hurried toward them. Presently the whole party entered the tent. The captives were closely bound with the natural hemp of the forest, and scowled darkly as they met the eye of Professor Vance. One of them, however, betrayed a strange emotion when he saw the professor, and for a moment gave some signs of trepidation. The other kept a sullen down-look, and stood still and defiant.

"So, you rascals! you are caught, are you?" exclaimed the professor, addressing the tallest and largest. What was his astonishment to hear him reply in tolerable English—

"You ketch me, Mr. Manuel; but Wawa-nosh no got hundred dollars—hundred dollars all gone."

"Where in the world could the fellow have got a hundred dollars for that instrument in these wilds?" queried the professor, with an incredulous look.

"He doesn't mean dat, massa," said a stalwart negro, holding up the article uninjured.

"Hundred dollars all gone," repeated the Indian.

"What hundred dollars? *what* do you mean, red-skin?" asked the professor, in amaze.

The Indian, for a moment, seemed disinclined to reply save by a grunt, but presently he said—

"You give him to Injun—you carry off

white squaw—big white man's daughter—and you give Wa-wa-nosh hundred dollar for it. Hundred dollar all gone; not get him back from Injun."

"What on earth does the fellow mean?" queried the professor, still gazing at him, perplexed.

"Perhaps he takes you for Mr. Manuel, sir, at the Everglades," whispered the guide; "he called you by that name once."

"So he did; well, what then? I don't see"—he mused for a moment. "Then I gave you a hundred dollars to carry off the white squaw. Why didn't you do as you agreed to?"

"River swell big. Me 'fraid big white man come and ketch Wa-wa-nosh—kill him. Me know you never come back after that money."

"There's some foul play here," muttered the professor.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 44.)

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MADE JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE IMPRISONED BIRD ESCAPES FROM THE CAGE.

No embrace between two daughters of Eve was ever more heartfelt and sincere than that enfolding of arms about each other's forms by Lydia and Lollie.

The latter strained and hugged her newly-recovered friend to her bosom again and again. She cried over her, scolded her, then kissed her, and lay her wet cheeks on her shoulder all in a breath, at the same time giving vent to a wonderful amount of bottled-up amazement, with a volubility which, in its way, was a marvel.

"Oh, Lyddy, Lyddy, you naughty girl!" she ejaculated, hysterically, between catches of her breath, "how you have frightened us all so! Why ever did you run away without letting Miss Camoy know what you were going to do, or leave a word for me—"

"Lollie!"

"There's been one—somebody, too—driven distracted," she pursued, with rapid loquacity; "and as for old Fizz, he has gone shockingly out of shape, and calls himself a ma-nack—whatever that is. Why did you run away so secretly?"

"Hush, Lollie! I did not run away," interposed Lydia, hastily, but in a whisper, while she looked with a strange, nervous apprehension about the room and at the doorway; "I was brought here—I cannot tell you how—I am detained a prisoner—Lollie."

Then she turned her eyes over her shoulder with an irrepressible shudder.

"A prisoner!" echoed Lollie, opening her eyes very wide.

"Hush!" again whispered Lydia, hastily, "I will tell you all by and by, only take me away from this dreadful place—take me away if you ever had a spark of affection for me. Do not waste a moment if there is the least chance of getting away unseen."

"But, Lyddy, dear, what does it all mean?" questioned Lollie, with a bewildered look.

"I cannot explain now, Lollie," she returned, with increasing urgency and agitation; "only, in the name of Heaven—of mercy—pity, help me to escape."

"I don't feel awake!" exclaimed Lollie, mystified. "Why, when aunt sent for me she told me that she wished me to pass a quarter of an hour with a young lady who was not right in her mind, and had delusions about being imprisoned—why the wicked, good-for-nothing old woman—and my mother's sister, too. Won't I go and tell her my mind—"

"No—no—no," interposed Lydia, quickly, "we must depart from here unseen, or I shall not be permitted to leave. Do you know any secret way by which we can escape undiscovered? Do not speculate about why and wherefore—about rights or wrongs—but act only for the moment. Can we get out of the house without interruption? Think only of that."

Poor Lollie put the palms of her hands to her temples a little distractedly.

"I'm dished if I understand it all! Let me see," she soliloquized; "first and foremost—if I go, you go too; but let me think—let me think."

She cast her eyes about the apartment inquiringly, and presently a ray of intelligence and memory darted from her eyes.

"These must be the rooms," she muttered; "I am confident they are—and in one of them there is a door leading to a narrow wooden staircase which goes down to the kitchen flight. Wait a minute, I'll find it."

She immediately commenced searching over the old-fashioned oaken wainscoting with which the room was screened, but without finding what she sought. She hurried into the bedchamber, followed by Lydia, whose heart beat violently with hopeful excitement, yet with no better success.

"There is a small dressing-room adjoining," suggested Lydia, clinging to any straw, however frail.

Lollie ran into it. In an instant she clapped her hands, and cried, gleefully—

"Of course! Here we are! When aunt had me to stay here with her years ago, I used to crib her jam and her sugar sometimes, and then she would shut me up in this room—ah! don't I remember that old tapestry curtain. Look here, Lyddy, this was how I dodged her."

As she finished she ran up to an old, dingy, faded piece of needlework, of great age, which depended from a pole extending along a part of the cornice beneath the ceiling, blackened with age. It descended to the ground, where it was terminated by a heavy fringe. Lollie pulled it vigorously on one side, and disclosed a small door, apparently belonging to a closet; but she knew better.

"Looks like a cupboard door," she remarked, with a smile, "but it isn't. And here's the dear old key in the lock, as it always used to be."

With that she applied both hands to the key, which looked rusty, with the intention of opening the door with a flourish.

"Jolly cunning aunt was," she pursued, with a chuckle, as she strained at the key-handle; "she locked the staircase door when she let me up to you, Lyddy. 'My child, when you want to come away,' she said, 'I'll come up and let you out.' We can be as artful as she is; can't we, Lyddy? Blow the key, it won't turn!"

Lydia, scarcely hearing what was said, saw that the key appeared fixed, and lent her aid to Lollie with a desperate exertion of her strength, but without effect, for the key refused to move. Reddened, perspiring, discomfited, they paused, exhausted, and tears of disappointment sprang into Lydia's eyes as she turned them uneasily over her shoulder.

"For goodness' sake, don't look behind you and shudder in that way, as if you had a ghost at your elbow," exclaimed Lollie, with a shiver. "You frighten me. What is to be done now?"

"Are you sure the door is locked?" suggested Lydia, anxiously.

Lollie turned the handle, gave it a violent tug, and went back against the wall, followed by the open door with a clang.

"What a ninny!" she cried, gleefully, as she recovered herself. "There's the old staircase. Stop a minute, Lyddy," she added, abruptly, clutching at the latter's dress as she was stepping over the threshold into the darkened space beyond. "Don't be in such a twitter; you can't go out without your bonnet and cloth jacket. We've got a little time, you know, for they don't dream we have found this way out. Besides, we must be cautious; Miss Dysart, with the corkscrew eyes, can see through an oak plank. She always makes my hair frizzle and stand up when she looks at me, as if she was asking me, 'What have you just been cribbing, Miss Lollie?'"

Lydia looked sharply over her shoulder, and uttered a faint scream. She fancied that Miss Dysart's shadow at that moment fell upon the floor near to her. Lollie echoed her cry, and spun round sharply.

Nothing in human form, however, met their eager gaze, and a second flitting shadow darting across the floor assured them that what had disturbed them was only some fleeting cloud passing before the sun.

A council was now held, in which, however, Lollie took the supreme part, and it was arranged that Lydia, whose walking attire was fortunately in the sleeping chamber, should at once don bonnet, jacket and muff, &c., and be conducted by Lollie down the narrow flight of stairs to a spot where she could readily obtain egress to the street, and there remain until such time as by her calculation would give Lollie time to return to her aunt, obtain her own walking habiliments, and take her leave as she came. By this plan it was expected that suspicion would be disarmed, and ample time afforded to Lydia to get clear away to an asylum, which Lollie had assured her was not at Miss Camoy's, but had been prepared for her, so that she could earn her own living in it, pay for everything, and be beholden to nobody.

As soon as Lydia had attired herself, and she lost no time, they stole into the little dressing-room, and through the friendly opening, down the staircase, even into the shadow of a passage which communicated with a door forming a side entrance which was seldom used. Lollie tried the door, and found that it opened readily, and then, softly reclosing it, she returned to Lydia.

"Give me time enough to get to the staircase door," she whispered, "and while I am banging at that to bring aunt up to me, you slip out into the street. Remember, the first turning on your left, second on your right, second on your left, first on your right. Two doors down is Mrs. Euche's trimming shop—wait there for me."

An instant more, and Lydia found herself alone.

It would seem ridiculous that, fenced round as the British subject is—or, at least, is supposed to be—by the protection of the law, Lydia should stand nervously, fearing to move, with the power to escape in her hands. It was but to dash into the open roadway, and if followed to claim aid from bystanders; that, at least, would be enough to prevent any one in that house seizing her and forcing her back into a constrained residence in the apartments she had just quitted. But then she was not cognizant of the power of the law, and knew nothing about appealing to its majesty for protection. All she was conscious of was a mysterious power exercised over her by Cleveland Dysart, which to a strange extent paralyzed her will, hampered her freedom of action, and compelled her to act, repugnantly to her own inclinings, as he directed her, without being able to exert any energy to resist his domination.

Even now, as she stood shrinking close in the shadow of a brick abutment, she fancied that his dark, spectral eyes were gleaming upon her from an obscure recess near, and that the moment she made a step forward to plunge into the street, he would spring from his place of concealment, seize her by the wrist, drag her back to the rooms she had just quitted, and provide effectual means to prevent her leaving them again until she had become, as he had said, his "queen."

The very horror of that thought gave her a sudden and desperate strength; and forgetting all about Lollie's suggestions, she at once quitted her hiding place, opened the door before her, flew down the covered passage, out into the street, and onward like an affrighted hare. Like a hare she turned and doubled instinctively down the shortest turnings, at first with a swiftness, but, fancying that those whom she passed regarded her with looks of amazement, she slackened her speed to a walk, although a very hurried one, for still it seemed to her that a pair of eyes were with a fiery gleam playing upon her back, watching every step she took, and in what direction she moved.

With an inward shiver, she turned her face almost continuously over her shoulder as she pressed onward, forgetful of the instructions Lollie had given to her. She expected to hear shouts calling upon her to stop, and to see the woman Tracy, followed by Miss Dysart, in full chase, but she would have continued her flight, heedless whither she was directing her steps, if she had not been brought to a standstill by a sharp pain in her side and failing breath.

Glancing at a shop, in which she thought she might be able to conceal herself until she had recovered strength to renew her flight, she saw to her sudden joy, painted on over the window the words: "*Ouche from Madame Mantelet Trimming Seller.*" She knew not how she got there, but there she was. A second more and she was in the shop begging permission to take a seat and wait for a friend.

It might have been half an hour—it seemed ten hours—that she sat shrinking in a nook waiting for Lollie. Would she never come? Had she been seized and confined in her stead, and if so, whither was she to turn for shelter and support.

Customer after customer came in—all kinds of women, and girls of all ages—anybody, everybody but Lollie. The woman of the shop, although she eyed her wonderingly, spoke to her kindly upon some indifferent subjects, she knew not what; but she could not answer her, she felt so sick at heart. Should Lollie not come, what fate was before her!

At the moment when her despondency had reached its lowest level, and she felt as though she could shriek and rend her hair with a kind of frenzied despair, the shop-door opened with a sudden sharpness, and the welcome—oh, how welcome—face of Lollie presented itself to her eager, longing eyes.

It was heated and flushed, and she was panting for breath.

"Here I am," she puffed. "Sorry to keep you—how do, Mrs. Euche? Come along, Lyddy—good-bye, Mrs. Euche—thanks! Now, Lyddy—put your—best foot—foremost. Come on!"

Lydia gave herself entirely up to the guidance of her friend, who literally dragged her out of the shop. There was, in fact, nothing else left for her to do; and although they walked on for some time and over a considerable quantity of ground, threading innumerable streets, she did not put a single question to her as to her destination. Indeed, although she began to grow fatigued, she felt herself rather pleased than otherwise, for she knew, or believed, that she was placing a wide distance between herself and the people whose inexplicable power over her while in their presence was a source of indefinable terror, and she felt, too, with unspeakable satisfaction, that the influence weakened as she receded from their neighborhood.

It was not until she found herself in neatly-furnished apartments in a quiet street that she could attempt to think or even to breathe freely. Lollie had found the street, paused before the house, and took possession of a pretty little sitting-room, before she attempted to offer an explanation; but when the door was closed, and she had helped to remove Lydia's bonnet and jacket, and dispossessed herself of her own, she twined her arms about Lydia's shoulders, and kissed her with a vigorous enthusiasm.

"There, dear!" she exclaimed, with her light, ringing, cheery laugh, "that's to show you I do not bear you any animosity for all the trouble and fright you have caused me and a good many others; but I've brought you home safe and sound at last, so it's right to kiss and be friends, isn't it?"

"Is this your home, Lollie?" inquired Lydia, gazing round the small but tastefully-furnished room, adorned with pictures, decorated with flowers, and ornamented with a pretty bird-cage, containing a spotless yellow canary, which cried "Sweet" the moment Lydia entered the room.

"No, it is yours," returned Lollie, in a magisterial, emphatic, not-to-be-disputed kind of way. "Miss Camoy told us you ran away from her, and nobody exactly wondered at it, but we all thought you might have left word where you were going to. However—hush, Lyddy, hear me—I know how proud you are, and I knew your independent spirit, so, when I talked the matter over with Mr. Athol—"

"With whom?" quickly interrupted Lydia, with a crimson flushing of her cheeks.

"With mother—I mean with mother," rejoined Lollie, correcting herself hastily, "we—mother and I—arranged to take these two rooms for you—four-and-sixpence a week—ain't they dirt cheap, Lyddy? and we arranged, mother and I, you know, to ask the firm to let you have your machine here for a little while until you get up your strength again. There it is, you see," she added, pointing to a sewing-machine placed near one of the windows. "So you will be able to earn your own living, pay your way, and be beholden to nobody—except—you—I mean to nobody but yourself—for anything."

Lollie floundered and turned a little scarlet, for she knew herself to be telling a fib, and she was afraid Lydia would detect her.

But Lydia was not only not of a suspicious nature, but she had great faith in Lollie's truthfulness; besides, the story was very plausible, and she readily credited it—perhaps, because she wished to do so.

She glanced round the pleasant little apartment with an expression of satisfaction on her pale features, and a sigh of relief escaped her.

"I shall be very comfortable here," she murmured. "I will work so hard; I shall not be dependent, and I shall be very happy, I have no doubt—very happy."

Strangely enough, as if to cast a doubt upon the prospects of her future contentment, a voice in a tone like the low murmuring of a breeze, seemed to breathe in her ear—

"My name is not Lyddy, but I live in hope. Lord hear me! I live in hope."

In hope of what?

A burning, hectic spot, tinting her fair cheek, intimated that a small, still voice was answering that question.

Her eyes roamed rather more rapidly about the room, again took in all its appointments, and in some way brought up thoughts of Mr. Athol, and with a pained reflection.

If, after all, he should prove to be the good genius who had provided this new home for her, however thankful she might feel for his kind thoughtfulness, it would be her duty to decline the obligation, and trust to the mercy of human nature in some guise less questionable.

Yet, in one corner stood a sewing-machine courting her glances, and with a thrill of satisfaction she remembered that she would be able, by continuous assiduity, to earn more than enough to supply her few wants, and pay even for these rooms, so she turned to Lollie with a sigh of relief, more reassured in her mind.

"It is very kind of your mother to take so much interest in me," she observed, "and I hope that she will come with you often to see me—to support and to countenance me until—until—I—may—"

"Get married, be a grand lady, and ride in your own carriage with—ah, I know who—ah, Lyddy? we know who!" burst in Lollie, clapping her hands with generous, rapturous enthusiasm.

A grieved expression passed over Lydia's features as the words stormed her ears, and she raised her hands deprecatingly, as she said—

"If I did not love you, Lollie, we should soon cease to be friends if you were to continue to make such observations to me. If you only knew how they pain me—"

"I'm mum, Lyddy," interrupted Lollie, with an impatient caress; "only don't be so prudish and fastidious—nobody is now-a-days—for you know that you have only to hold up your hand, and a hundred nice young fellows would spring at it. It is such ridiculous stuff to pretend you don't want to be married. All of us do—I do—and I know who to. Oh my gracious, what a very sly I be is."

"I meant to say," resumed Lydia, when Lollie had ended her rhapsody, "that I should be glad of your mother's guardianship until I can discover my own—I mean Mamma Smith, that cannot be very long—first."

"If it will only be until there is a blue moon, so much the better," rejoined Lollie. "Your mother, indeed! She is as much your mother as I am. You don't want her protection any more. She will take all your money and keep you in rags. As for mother, why—"

She paused, and looked Lydia in the eyes with so peculiar an expression on her face that she felt startled.

"What of your mother?" she demanded faintly.

"Why, she is Aunt Tracy's sister, you know," returned Lollie, slowly. "Aunt Tracy will be sure to hunt mother up, to know all about you getting away, because she will suspect me; so, just for the present, Lyddy, it will be well not to let mother know you are here."

"But I thought—" commenced Lydia in dismay.

"That she and I took these rooms for you," interposed Lollie, rapidly. "So we did; but she don't know that you are here yet, and I sha'n't tell her till I think proper—there! So make your-self happy. I must scud home like a swallow, to get there before aunt. I think I am one too many for her. Now make yourself happy and contented, there's a good girl. There's lots of work for you. I will take it to the House when done, and bring back more; but for a little while you must not venture out you know. Good-bye!"

Before Lydia could add a word, Lollie gave her a hug and a kiss, ran out of the room, down the stairs, and closed the street door with a loud bang.

It was a relief to Lydia, notwithstanding her high sense of Lollie's genuine friendship, to be alone again, for it gave her time to think, to re-string her nerves, and to prepare herself to face the struggle with her lonely life as bravely as she could.

She did not deceive herself respecting the sentiments Mr. Athol had raised up in her breast. He had won her admiration by his personal charms, her deepest gratitude for having saved her life, and—why disguise it?—her love—her first, young, passionate love, for—she knew not, cared not what. It was sufficient for her that she loved him without a mental reservation, although she knew, too, that he never could be hers.

So, though it was clear to her she would continue, and must remain, only a work-girl—for to save a fortune by her exertions at the wondrous little machine, at the price paid for labor, was out of the question—it was equally plain to her that she would prefer to be only a work-girl, loving Mr. Athol, and cherishing her love in secret, rather than the queen of him who had declared his intention of elevating her to that position.

And she shuddered, for she fancied that with the thought a shadow passed across the room, a pair of dark, intensely brilliant eyes fastened upon her, and in their silent but only too expressive language bade her follow.

With a feeling of fright, she rose up and moved a pace or two across the room toward the door; then, exerting herself, she flung herself back in her chair and covered her eyes with her hands.

Two or three days, however, passed undisturbed by a single incident, and she had become somewhat resigned to her new position, although strange and very dull. A kindly old woman—the landlady—attended on her, and did not, curiously enough, tender a quantity of unnecessary observations, nor put any inquisitive questions to her, as is usual with persons of her class. Lollie did not, as she expected, visit her, but she sent a cheering note, which was, in its way, a marvel of orthography, and amusing, because it contained a quantity of the tittle-tattle of the work-room. Miss Camoy was making herself, Lollie said, more "bodeyus" and like a "*feend*" than ever, and was giving old "Fizz" the "worrit" in a way that was a scandal to the room, while "Fizz" himself had gone to a "shadder," and looked as long and one-sided as if "you was looking at him in a bright dish-cover."

There was a passage in this note which was rather mysterious, and gave Lydia some uneasiness, for Lollie alluded to being loved for herself alone, observing that when a true gentleman declared his love for a poor girl, and vowed he would some day make a lady of her, he would be sure to keep his word. She asked Lydia in "strikt konfeedens" whether she would not make as good a lady as many she had seen, and added that one fine morning she would see—what she would see.

It caused her, too, to reflect upon her own isolated position, and the temptation which had been, and might be again, thrown in her path. It was easy to counsel that the perils likely to beset her should be bravely faced and for her to promise herself that they should be; but she could not conceal from her mind that she was alone in the world, and that the offer of a home—a companion—why disguise it?—a lover who, as Lollie said, would love her for herself, and devote the remainder of his life to her worship, securing to her as much happiness as there is to be found in this world, would be very, very hard to refuse.

And then she set up her idol, and invested it with all the attributes of manliness, bravery, goodness, virtue and beauty, and she saw that it was an image in the likeness of Mr. Athol. "Sweet! sweet!" chirped her beautiful little golden canary.

"Sweet! indeed," she murmured, pressing her hands upon her heart, "Heaven knows how sweet."

At the same moment her eyes fell upon the face and form of the object of her thoughts, who had entered the room with a noiseless step, and was gazing upon her with eager, earnest looks of intense admiration.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TEMPTATION.

Lydia rose to her feet hastily, with her face covered with blushes, and with a confusion which for the moment she found it impossible to control or conceal.

It was as though the thought of a temptation she had a secret conviction would at no distant date be offered to her in its most alluring garb had brought it at once to pass.

It was no affectation that made her tremble, her cheeks burn, and her eyelids droop for she knew intuitively that she had been abruptly brought face to face with her danger before she had had time to prepare to wrestle with it.

Mr. Athol observed her embarrassment, and instantly made an effort to place her at her ease by a few judicious remarks, partly in the form of a greeting, and partly in the shape of some inquiries respecting the cause of her disappearance from Miss Camoy's lodgings. He caused her to resent herself, and he took a chair near her. By degrees Lydia recovered her self-possession, and became, she did not know why, quite communicative.

There was something, however, so kind and thoughtful in his manner, his looks, his words, that they invited confidence, and she gradually, in reply to his suggestive questions, which bore no trace of prying inquisitiveness, told him all that had happened to her since they had last met, even as though he had been her brother.

She ended at length by expressing her belief that she would soon be rejoined by her mamma—it cost her an effort to utter that word in something like a natural tone—for as soon as that lady learned that she had not perished in the sunken steamer, she knew she would not rest until she discovered her. Until then, too, she added her very earnest and emphatic hope that nothing would interfere—or be permitted to supervene—with her efforts to be solely dependent upon her own exertions for the means of living.

He listened to her patiently until she had finished, without betraying how deeply moved he was by some passages in her narrative; but when she ceased speaking, and he sought to offer some observations, he found that, in spite of his efforts to preserve his self-possession, a slight tremor interfered with the steadiness of his tone.

He passed some strong strictures on the conduct of Miss Camoy, which might have resulted so disastrously to her, and he mentally made himself a promise with respect to that lady which he did not reveal; then he came to the Indian officer.

Perhaps his face grew a shade paler and his brows certainly contracted; his nether lip, too, was gnawed for an instant. Still he made no outbreak.

"The man," he observed, with a slight grating of his teeth, "is a villain—a lying, designing villain—and he ventured on that preposterous assertion that he would make you his queen, to be revenged on your parent, only to conceal the infamy of his purposes. You said, I think, his name is Cleveland Dysart?"

"He was so called by his sister—that strange woman," returned Lydia, with an unsuppressed shudder, and a half-frightened glance at the door, as though she expected to behold her standing there scowling at her.

He noticed this, and said, quickly—

"Be under no further alarm concerning this man, or the woman either. I will have an interview with him, and I am quite sure after it has closed he will trouble you no more."

"Oh, no, no, no—I pray you to do nothing of the kind," she rejoined, agitatedly.

"Why not?" he added, quickly; "if it will save you from being further annoyed by him."

"I will not," she responded, with an inexpressible shiver.

"How?" he demanded.

She clasped her hands.

"I fear him more than I can express," she pursued, with a curious tremor in her voice. "It is not because his glances are vengeful and malevolent, but that his eyes have a mysterious fascination, which, while they glare on me, I am powerless to resist. My mind, my thoughts seem numbed, my control over my motion to be suspended, and whither he goes and bids me follow, I—I feel that there I must go too."

"This is mere weakness, a childish fancy, above which I should have thought *you* would have risen superior," he observed, in a vexed tone.

"It seems so to me," she continued, as if musing. "I have catechized myself severely for giving way to a folly which looks like imbecility; but when he is near I feel deprived of will, firmness, strength, and, in fact, I know that he possesses a magnetic power which I can combat only when far from him."

"I will combat it," thought Mr. Athol, compressing his lips, "as he will find when we meet."

"Therefore," continued Lydia, resuming her tone of appeal, "I entreat you not to approach him in any way on my behalf. I am safe from his power while separated from him. He knows not where to search for me now; but if you, sir, should force an interview upon him in reference to the communication I have made to you, it will furnish him with a clue to this abode, and— Oh, I fear to see him again! I so fear to meet the blaze of those dread eyes, that I beg you not to endanger me by seeking him, nor yourself, for he is, I am sure, powerful to inflict evil, and it would greatly add to my misery if I were to be the cause of injury to one who has been so generous, so good, so great a benefactor to me."

Mr. Athol rose to his feet, and paced the room with a degree of excitement he failed to conceal. His lip curled with scorn as he suddenly turned and faced Lydia, who had risen to her feet too.

"Fear not for me, Lydia," he said, in a voice which trembled a little. "I am equal to cope with this juggler and mountebank without endangering you or without mischief to myself. I know how to deal with such characters. Believe me, he will not trouble you again."

She shook her head mournfully, and again he saw that involuntary shudder disturb her frame.

He stretched forth his hand gently and took hers, and she did not withdraw it.

"Lydia," he exclaimed, with an unsteady quiver in his tones, "this conversation has, at least, effected one good—it has led up to that which has lately filled my heart and mind until I am unable longer to conceal it from you. You know my feelings toward you—that I love you. Since we have been separated, I have found the strength of that love; how it overrides all other emotions and considerations; how dear it has made you to me—how very dear. Why not give me the right to protect you from such dangers as you have just escaped? Why not give me the title, and therefore the power, of removing from you all doubts or fears of the future?"

She looked up to his eyes; her own were humid with hot tears. She lowered her gaze again, for he was looking at her with such a passionate beseeching as almost to elicit from her a quivering cry.

Without knowing hardly what she was saying, she faltered—

"I—do not—I think—I—do not quite comprehend you, sir."

"My meaning is simply this, Lydia," he rejoined, speaking more quickly than before. "I love you with a passionate devotion; I cannot live without you; I have made myself sure of that. Will you be my wife, and thus give me the right to afford you a protection which will shield you, lonely as you are, from all the evils by which you are and cannot fail to be surrounded, and secure for yourself—if you can teach yourself to care for me sufficiently—a happiness which it will be my unfailing and unwavering object to heighten and establish during the rest of my life?"

So here was her temptation face to face with her. How was she to deal with it? What was her position as she read it at a glance? She was, as she believed herself to be, the adopted child of a woman of mean extraction; her own parents she had no recollection, no idea of. It might perhaps be to her advantage that they should remain unknown to her. She was in this great city, dependent and comparatively, really friendless, for Lollie's friendship, kindly, good hearted, unselfish as it was, was not valuable for the assistance it could afford her. She was poor as the poorest work-girl who worked for the firm of which Mr. Athol was the junior partner, dependent upon her own fingers for her daily bread. Upon what, if stricken down with illness? The mercy of the world! A mere waif on the wave of life, to be hurried in any direction in which the wind might set. What was she now offered? The hand of the son of a duke—the hand of him she felt now more than ever how fondly and dearly she loved, as she never could love man again! A home and all its comforts; such comforts a gentleman in his position could and would provide for her—carriages, horses, companions, friends who moved in the high, great world, such as she had seen with wonder in the parks and in the grand thoroughfares of the West End.

Softly, there! A spasm of the heart, a sudden faintness. What! she, a work-girl, without a name, without a home but what had been provided for her in common Christian charity, to mingle with high and titled personages in their own *salons*, at their splendid gatherings and gorgeous meeting-places! She, a sewing-machine worker! Alas! alas! how preposterously absurd the bare notion even seemed.

It could not be, it must not be; and, turning to him, her eyes suffused with burning, scalding tears, at the sacrifice which she felt bound to make on the altar of common sense, she murmured—

"It cannot be."

He held her hand fast; he saw those glittering tears, and he watched the varying shades of expression as they succeeded each other on her fair and lovely features. He gazed steadfastly at her, and in a firm and decided voice asked—

"Why not, Lydia?"

She partly averted her downcast face, and with a trembling upper lip faltered—

"You are a gentleman born—a nobleman—the son of a duke."

Her voice died out with the last word.

"Well, Lydia!" he ejaculated, gently and encouragingly.

"And I—I—what am I?" she cried, looking up into his face with an anguished look of appeal.

"All the world to me, Lydia," he answered, in low, earnest, impressive words, "for the world does not contain another object I so prize and so covet."

"No, no," she responded, with a passionate burst. "I am poor, homeless, nameless—far beneath you, too far for you to raise me up to your level. The gulf that separates us is so wide, so deep, as to be impassable to me. Were you to lift me over it the consequences to you would be more fatal than I can bear to think of. You would lose caste, your relatives would not recognize you, your friends would turn from you because of the *mésalliance* you had made. I feel too deeply the unrequitable obligation I owe you, to be the willing cause of placing you in so false a position. I could not do it."

She strove to release her hand from his, but he retained it firmly.

"Lydia," he rejoined, speaking with decision, "have you forgotten that we have already discussed the question of your birth? Do you remember that I have expressed my conviction that you are not what your present and recent position would imply? Let me communicate to you the fact that I am endeavoring to discover, not only the present abode of the person who declares herself to be your mother, but her whole history, especially during your infancy. It is easy to see that if I clear up that period of her life, I shall know who you are; though, in truth, I care to know no more than now I know. Rely upon me for settling that point at an early date, and also for preserving the sanctity of your present residence during my inquiries. I have arranged so as to keep you free from all intrusion, and especially from that which, under a mistaken, I had almost said a delirious, hallucination—you seem to fear so much."

"I am very grateful to you," she murmured.

"Only grateful, Lydia?" he asked, in a tone which cost her a determined effort not to reply to.

He gazed upon her partly averted face for a minute, perhaps, in an eloquent silence, for it conveyed much, though soundless, and presently he said, earnestly—

"Lydia, I desire you to be very frank and candid with me; it is important to your future that you should—to mine it is everything. Tell me, if all obstacles were removed—say, for example, that we were equal in birth—would you of your own unbiassed will consent to be mine?"

Her head still retained its downward position; but he saw that she bit her trembling lip, and that some bright tears, disengaging themselves from her eyelids, trickled down her snow-white cheeks. But she did not utter a word; nor did she make any attempt to withdraw her hand from his; perhaps it did not occur to her. Probably he correctly interpreted her silence, for, pressing her fingers gently, he resumed—

"Let me alter the form of my proposition, Lydia. Say that, after I leave you—that—that until it be proved to demonstration that the obstacles to our union are insurmountable, will you, can you promise me that you will not give your hand to another?"

It was with something like a terrible cry that she exclaimed, with a sudden and passionate burst—

"With my whole heart—with my soul—I can—I will promise that—"

Then she broke from him and retreated to a farther part of the room, and buried her face in her hands.

"And you shall be 'Lady Gowrie,'" he murmured, with intense feeling and a strong Scotch accent, which possibly betrayed more than anything else the truthfulness of his emotion. "Ay, that shall you, if my name be Gordon Athol."

Then, advancing a pace or two nearer to her, he proceeded, in his low, soft, sweet voice, which thrilled every nerve in her frame, to add—

"It is my duty, Lydia, to spare you further excitement, for you have conveyed to me more than I had dared to anticipate. Let me entreat you, after my departure, to do your utmost to restore your health, and woo back to your mind brighter and more cheerful thoughts. Hope, it is said, is the medicine that cures all ills; and believe me, you may hope with sanguine feelings. Believe that I am grateful, too, Lydia—that I am truthful and honorable, as befits my birth and name, and that I am persevering. Therefore, look to see the clouds that at present darken your sky chased away at no distant day. Hope, and believe in me."

He did not attempt to touch her hand again, nor even to bid her the customary farewell; but she heard the door close, a retreating foot descend the stairs, a loud clang of the street door, and she knew he was gone.

Hope!

Ay! that word "hope" had touched a chord—a memory. It brought back to her an old man's trembling voice, his streaming eyes, his strongly-emphasized words.

Slowly she sank upon her knees, and as if reciting words which were being dictated to her, she raised her face to Heaven, and with clasped hands exclaimed—

"My name is not Lydia! I live in hope! Lord, hear me! I live in hope!"

Then she rose and dried her tears, and pressed her hand to her heart, for it was beating tumultuously, and she seated herself to her machine, and began to work it mechanically, for her thoughts were with him who had just left her, and the dazzling picture he had brought before her vision, although the prospects of realization were

so dim. Yet there was hope—hope in her heart, in her brain.

"If," she exclaimed, with a feeling of ecstasy, "if it be true that I am not Lydia, but some one else—well born—almost his equal—for I can never be his equal, he is so much above all comparison—but of an origin good enough not to be absolutely discarded by his friends—if he were to wed me—oh, what joy, what supreme happiness, *for* he loves me truly, dearly loves me, and I—I—oh, Heaven—"

She was here interrupted by a cough—a harsh, grating, disagreeable cough—and looking to the spot whence it proceeded, she beheld to her utter amazement Mr. Fisell, standing very nearly on the same spot which Mr. Athol had so recently vacated.

She rose to her feet with a feeling of anger at this intrusion. It seemed to her that every one thought it the correct thing to obtain access to her without troubling themselves about the rules of etiquette. If the unannounced presence of Mr. Athol had not been displeasing to her, the unbidden apparition of Mr. Fisell certainly was.

Disagreeable, annoying, painful, in so many respects.

"Sweet! Sweet!" chirped the active little golden songster.

This time Lydia's heart made no responsive echo, but Mr. Fisell's did in the shape of a moan. She rose up and regarded him with a look of surprise, even of haughty inquiry, for, notwithstanding he held a somewhat important position in the department, of which she was compelled to consider herself still a member, she admitted no claim he might make to obtrude himself upon her without the slightest previous intimation of his visit.

She was, however, at the same time struck by the change in his appearance. His features, as Lollie had asserted, looked singularly out of shape, and what was more, very woe-begone and doleful, even to a ludicrous degree, which was not diminished by gesticulations such as are employed by the haughty tyrant, oppressor and baron in a romantic drama.

He folded his arms tightly, frowned, scowled at her, and exclaimed, in a guttural voice—

"I've heard all, Miss Smith—all—all. He did not think I was awake to his bluffery; but I was wide, staring, broad awake. It is not yet too late to save you from his cluteches, and I am here to do it, Miss Smith. I am here!

Recovering her self command, and exerting herself to maintain a quiet, dignified composure, she responded, coldly—

"I presume you are here on a matter of business, Mr. Fisell?"

"I am—I am," he continued, still keeping up his heroic strain, "not on pleasure—leastways—unless you are blinded, dazzled with a heifer which is only a trap to ketch a sunbeam—excuse me if I'm poetical—but I'm sensitive, wretched, distracted, mad. Do not listen to him, Miss Smith, but believe in me. I follow'd him here every step of the way, I listened at the keyhole, I heard every word. He offered to make you his wife. It is a flam. He is a lord—and though a lord is but a man in one sense, yet in that of marriage he is another, and a very superior particle, as you will find. I offer you my 'and and 'art. I am sincere, and though a little above your spear, still I am not so very high but I can reasonably, and without much lowering myself, make you Mrs. Fisell—but Mr. Athol—the bonnerbul Gording Athol—to make Miss Lyddy Smith, a gal employed at machine-work, his wife—ha, ha, ha!—it's redikles—it's—"

"How dare you talk to me in this fashion, sir?" interrupted Lydia, fairly roused into anger. "If you have any communication to make to me respecting any work for the machine, make it, sir, and confine your remarks to that subject alone; if not, I will not hear from you another word, and must request your instant departure from this room."

"Machine-work be hanged!" cried Mr. Fisell, elevating his voice. "Will you give up the villain, Athol, and be Mrs. Fisell? I offer you a prize in the lottery of life; if you will not take it, beware. Beware of him who is now your abject slave; but scorned, despised, discarded, will prove the bitterest and most revengeful enemy you have ever made!"

Lydia rang the bell in the room violently, and the landlady appeared almost instantly in answer to the summons.

"Show this person out, if you please," she exclaimed, pointing to Mr. Fisell.

"Miss Smith—'ave you reflected?" he exclaimed, with a humbler mien and tone.

"I decline to hear another word," she returned, firmly, and with proud indignation, although she trembled in every limb.

He laughed sardonically.

"Now, sir, if you please," observed the lady, touching him sharply on the elbow, as she perceived Lydia's heightening color.

"Scum, touch me not!" he growled, as he glared at her with his unequally-set eyes in such a way that she impulsively squinted back at him. Then, with a malevolent expression on his distorted features and a tempestuous frown at Lydia, he said, with gnashing teeth—

"So, madam, it is to be war to the knife—to the 'atchet, if you please. Very well; but know I can wield a tremendjus power over you which you don't reckon on, and I will! which I will not be slighted and flouted by a poor, common work-gal. No, you have roused my gall, you have turned up your nose at the 'orfer to be made Mrs. Fisell, and I will take care you do not become Mrs. Gording Athol."

Assuming a tragic bearing, he stalked, with mock—very mock—dignity out of the room, and, stumbling over the mat, fell headlong down-stairs with a crash. He heard the landlady scream—perhaps Lydia, too—as he shot head-first down the flight; but he gathered himself up at the street-door, opened it, and limped away as sick and faint as if he were about to give up the ghost.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 26.)

A Standard Currency.

The question of a standard currency throughout the world is in a fair way of being solved. Recent news from South America, confirmed by dispatches from Washington, is to the effect that no less than eight or ten of the different governments of that part of the continent have applied to the United States to have their silver coin manufactured at our national mint of our standard dollar, half-dollar, dime, half-dime and quarter-dollar pieces, and gold coin of our quarter and half-eagle, eagle and double-eagle denominations, with, of course, their own distinctive designs, but of the same values of our own coin, so as to be interchangeable. Congress will be asked next winter to pass a law authorizing this coinage, which, if successful, will soon make the coin of this half of the globe of one value, and do more to produce an international money system than all the French theories and financial writers could bring about in a century.

☞ The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

"THE MILLS OF GOD."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"The child is father of the man." Very true, and still truer, she is *mother* of the woman. For instance: in a handsomely-furnished parlor in one of our large cities one bright Sunday morning there were gathered a number of people ranging in years from eight to forty. The youngest couple sat apart by a window—the girl, at least, following the example of her elders—flirting with the utmost zest.

She was a lovely little child, a brunette, with great glowing eyes and the deepest dimples indenting her cheeks. From the dainty chip hat, with its curling white feather, to the tiny bronze gaiters, all was perfection, and the young lady was perfectly assured of this last fact.

The boy is twelve, perhaps a year or so her senior, blonde, with gray eyes that seek his companion's face with unmistakable tenderness.

"Sadie, and you *do* like me truly?" he whispers.

"Like you—I—I guess so," is the reply, with well-feigned hesitation and a glance that would have done credit to a veteran.

"And you will wear my ring?"

"Yes, of course you will; won't you, Sadie?" interrupts another voice, that of the boy's sister, Miriam Dalsell. Sadie turns around with a pretty affectation of dismay, while Wilfred colors red with confusion.

"Where is the ring, Wil? What a shy esquire you are!" laughs Miriam.

The boy draws off a ring and holds it out with a smile.

"See, it just fits her 'engagement' finger, Mattie," Miriam says, holding up the girl's hand. "Now, remember, miss, you and Wil are betrothed, but wait, give him your ring in return." The exchange is soon made, and the little ring, with its red stone, gleams on his finger.

"Sadie, are you going to keep it 'forever and a day?'" Mattie asks, joining the group.

"Oh, yes!" Sadie responds with alacrity; a piece of jewelry is the last thing she ever parts with willingly.

After a little more nonsense of the same kind the girl rises, saying she must go home; she only stopped to see Mattie, whereupon Mattie, who is sixteen, laughs a little incredulously, saying—

"Go then, but remember Wil's *fiancée* mustn't flirt!"

"I—*never* flirt," the child says, shrugging her plump shoulders.

"No, neither you do," is the dry reply her remark elicits.

Wil sees her to the door, in the entry they pause—somehow, such cases admit of only the vaguest explanation—two pair of lips meet; again the boy colors, but Sadie's self-possession is perfect—true to her nature, she turns to the long mirror to smooth her crimped hair that the caress rumpled.

"You will be at the square to-morrow for sure?" she asks.

"If you will walk with me," is the eager reply.

To which the consummate little coquette responds willingly, and they meet not once but many days.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE, ETC.

By and by Miss Sadie grew tired of Wil's devotion. That summer she went to the seaside where she met a youthful gentleman of her acquaintance; while he made love to her, he also talked against the absent Wil, and so it happened she determined to get rid of her former lover.

On her return she was a miniature icicle; but as yet they had not quarrelled, Sadie only waited for an excuse, she had encouraged him warmly, worn his ring and being tired she determined to cast him off.

Once he passed her in the square and failed to join her; that was what she wished.

The next time they met at dancing-school—she cut him dead in the most nonchalant manner possible. Wil was puzzled, naturally he asked her why she had changed.

She gave him several feeble reasons—the chief of which was that he had not "joined her the afternoon they met."

She would listen to no explanation, but ended by advising him to devote himself in future to Katie Moss, with whom he had danced when Sadie deserted him. Wilfred was hurt, but he was also proud and angry. So at last he recovered from the blow—besides, pride came to his aid, and following out Sadie's advice, he devoted himself, after a time, to Katie.

Katie is the exact opposite of her predecessor; *petite*, a very fairy, with the whitest teeth, and a complexion that flushes like a blush rose at times. Miss Katie has a secret contempt for girls, and the sorest trial of her life is that she belongs to the despised race; the next greatest is that she must be "lady-like," instead of playing leap-frog and foot-ball with the boys. To do her credit, she forgets this last on every possible occasion, and is never happier than when some boy graciously allows her to run after his ball for him, and she can openly defy the "square man" and shock the rest of the girls by tearing off bare-headed over the grass after the truant.

Wil finds her not only useful, but the merriest little thing imaginable, and in the course of time a strong friendship springs up between them. Sadie is surprised, disagreeably so, and tries every now and then to get back her errant knight, but in vain. Not even the bewitching looks that are thrown to him on Sunday from her father's pew can recall him to his old love; not even the sight of his ring, which she has somehow forgotten to return, on her plump hand, can move him; and at last Sadie Purcell gives up in despair, and comforts herself by calling Katie a *romp* and *tomboy*.

"THE MILLS OF GOD GRIND SLOWLY, YET THEY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL."

Ten years have passed, and when we again see Sadie she is eighteen and Katie seventeen. As they are seated together in the latter's dressing-room, it would be hard to find two prettier girls. Sadie, with her black hair and olive complexion, has no peer among the brunettes staying at the Ocean House, while Katie is equally queen of the blondes. The former is curled up on a lounge, turning carelessly over the pages of a novel. Presently she starts up, saying, "Katie, have you heard the news?"

"What news?" is the astonished reply, from the window where she is seated, pressing seaweed.

"About Wilfred Dalsell, of course. He has come home covered with glory, and Miriam expects him to come down here in a week or so. Didn't you used to know him?"

"Yes, quite well before he went to Heidelberg; that was six years ago, though."

"So did I. We had a desperate flirtation once; I've been racking my brains to remember the particulars, but I only remember we quarrelled and parted. By the way, I found his ring yesterday in my jewel-box. I wonder if he would like a second course; I am ready if he is." She mused meditatively.

"Sadie, I wonder if you could possibly speak of a man without thinking of flirting with him?"

"Bah! if one doesn't flirt, what is there left? Nothing; parties are all very well for the first year, but after that they need seasoning."

"It strikes me you never tried them without that ingredient."

"No, you are right, but, Katie, I may appreciate your sanctity, but I cannot imitate it!" Sadie laughed good naturedly then. "Poor Major Lossing—think of it—I have kept him waiting an hour!"

"Intentionally, I'm afraid," put in Katie. Sadie made a mischievous little face as she left the room laughing. The two girls, though utterly unlike had formed quite a friendship for each other.

Katie was such a frank, open little thing, every one liked her, and Sadie had not the slightest objection to have her speak her mind freely. It was only to her masculine acquaintances she held up a veil. She did not care which of her feminine friends discovered she was a coquette so that they kept the matter to themselves. She knew Katie would never talk against her, and rather enjoyed the small lectures her friend thought fit to administer. Like hundreds of other girls she had a morbid love of being the subject of conversation, even though the remarks were hardly flattering.

As the tall, graceful figure left the room Katie shook her head and gazed thoughtfully out of the window, thinking of Wilfred Dalsell.

That evening the rooms were a pretty sight, filled as they were with fair young faces; but pre-eminent above Sadie and Katie. But there was another figure which attracted the eyes of all the young girls—a young gentleman, bronzed by travel and "bearded like a pard"—in other words, Wilfred Dalsell.

Katie was standing near the door, the centre of a brilliant circle, when Miriam came toward her, on Wilfred's arm.

"Katie," she said, "Wilfred wishes to be introduced to you."

The girl held out her hand, as she said: "That is not necessary; we are old friends."

"Then you do remember me?"

"Yes, indeed! Certainly you used to get me into a sufficient number of what we then called *scrapes*, to fix you indelibly on my mind," was the merry reply.

"You are the same frank little creature, I see," he said, smiling down upon her.

"And so are you—minus the *little* part of it," she said, laughing and blushing.

He stayed near her the greater part of the evening, and Sadie saw it with ill concealed annoyance. "The saint is flirting at last," she thought, angrily, as she watched Katie's face flush and the deep-blue eyes sink under his evident glances of admiration.

This was the first time her interests and Katie's had ever clashed; naturally, she objected. She had set Wilfred apart as her own prize, but, alas! In fact, he hardly glanced at her, and even when they were introduced, he treated her with such cold, stately politeness, that all her soft words and tender reminiscences, even the sight of his little gold ring dangling at her watch-chain, fell harmless on eye and ear.

He had an uncomfortable recollection that this girl had once made a fool of him; besides, his heart was becoming fast devoted to Katie.

Sadie was piqued at first; then another feeling crept in, and soon she was forced to acknowledge that heart and soul were given to a man who cared not at all for her. Verily, Miss Sadie, the mills of God *may* grind slowly, but, ah, how surely!

To two people those long summer days were golden, but there was one to whom they seemed to bring only wormwood and gall. Sadie's cheeks grew pale, and her eyes wandered restlessly from place to place, only to return again to the face of the man she loved—the man who was perfectly indifferent to her; and so the summer dragged along.

Sadie had come to the seaside under the care of Katie's mother; their party did not board at the hotel, but occupied a cottage at a short distance. One evening after the grand hop, shortly after every one had retired, there arose a cry—dread and terrible—the cry of *fire!* Wilfred, with a vague fear knocking at his heart, was one of the first to leave his room. His worst fears were realized. Mrs. Moss's cottage was on fire! With only one thought in his mind, he rushed to the flaming building; the lower story was in flames—the stairway entirely burnt away. All the family, with the exception of the two girls, who slept up-stairs, were saved—somehow the girls had been overlooked.

Wilfred hesitated not a moment; he knew there was a side entrance, which no one had yet tried. Pushing his way through the crowd of men, who were trying to get a ladder long enough to reach the doomed girls, he came to the side-door. The stairs were in flames, but unheeding it, he dashed forward; blinded by smoke, he reached the top at last; pushing on he threw open the first door; a woman's figure—the air was so thick and heavy he could not distinguish the face—rushed toward him.

"Katie, my darling, is this you?" he asked, clasping her closely. The answer came faint and low. Turning, he fought his way down the stairway. In the open air he looked at his burden—it was *Sadie*. A fierce groan burst from him, and he turned quickly toward the house. Before he had taken two steps the girl threw herself at his feet, and catching his hand, cried—

"Wilfred, do not go. You will be killed, my love. Wilfred—" He tried to throw her off, but she held him closer; her rich silk trailing around her, and the flowers she had worn that evening still in her rich hair.

"You shall not leave me! I love you. You shall not go. Let her die. She does not love you as I do!"

With one wrench he drew his hand from hers and entered the house. Up the stairs he mounted, the hot flames kissing his cheek, and trying to seize the heavy overcoat he had flung around him. The fire was gradually working upward; but as yet it had not made much headway. Room after room he entered, but in vain; his heart grew sick; at last he saw a white confused heap in one corner, the smoke was so thick he could just distinguish it, nothing more. Clasping it in his arms he saw he held his love, she had fainted. Hastily snatching a shawl he flung it over her thin white dress, for she like Sadie was still in evening costume, then turned to descend, when to his horror he was met by one sheet of flame. Escape was impossible; he turned to the other stairway, but the fire was even more terrible—they were lost! He pressed the girl closer to him, kissing her white lips; at least they could die together. But wait! he thought of the roof. Putting the thought into effect he stepped out on the tiles still holding his precious burden. The people below saw him and a shout half-terror, half-triumph arose. Then they called to him to jump. He was only three stories from the ground, but still the undertaking was fearful. There was no time to be lost—he could hear the flames hiss and roar as they advanced. There were mattresses spread to receive him. Then, holding his darling closer, he sprang into the air!

It was little less than a miracle. She was uninjured, and he had only a leg broken when they reached the ground. After he was able to walk down-stairs he and Katie had a long talk, and at its end her lovely head rested quietly on his shoulder, and soon after that Mr. Dalsell introduced to his friends the loveliest wife man could boast of. And Sadie? Well, dear friends, what would you have? Was she not punished?—and is it not proved that every sin is punished sooner or later? That the "mills of God" grind surely, though slowly? Or, in other words, if one flirts, one must take the consequences.

A VICTIM.

A Terrible Punishment.

(From the Detroit Free Press, May 31.)

Shortly before two o'clock yesterday afternoon a wealthy resident of Windsor, named Thomas Perkins, a government officer, left his house to accompany his wife and daughter to a circus. He had been at the tent but a short time, when a neighbor came in and informed him that she had seen two strange men lurking in his garden. In leaving the house Mr. Perkins had observed two suspicious characters on the walk near his place, and though he gave them no attention at the time, he had reason after the neighbor's statement to believe that the fellows had entered his house. He, therefore, hurried home, and had his latch-key ready when he reached the door. As he opened it and stood in the hall, he caught sight of a man in the parlor bed-room to the left, and heard another in the parlor to the right. He entered the bed-room and was confronted by the thief, who had been rummaging a dressing-case. Mr. Perkins is well along in years, but a stout, hearty man, and though without weapons, he unhesitatingly made for the thief, and struck him two or three heavy blows. The rascal either meant to leap through the window to the verandah, or else the last blow knocked him through one of the large panes. As he was half-way through, Mr. Perkins caught him by the leg and held him across the sash with its broken glass until his grasp was kicked loose. The thief then bounded off the verandah, over the fence, and running about half a block turned into a lot, ran across that, pulled an old wagon away from an opening near a barn, and ran to a spot directly back of the house and fell down. Mr. Perkins had been pursuing him all the way, and as the fellow fell he was rapped over the head with that gentleman's cane. He cried out: "Don't strike me—I'm dead now!" and Mr. Perkins saw that he had been terribly wounded, and was dying. Three or four persons came up and the thief gave his name, said he was sorry on his mother's account, and he was dead in three or four minutes. The glass in the window had been broken down to within an inch of the lower sash, and the remnant left there was the cause of his death. His leg was drawn down hard upon the jagged fragment by Mr. Perkins's grasp, and his struggles severed the femoral artery just above the knee, producing a most horrible wound. As he rose to his feet on the verandah the blood spurted fully four feet against the house, and the shrubbery, fence, grass and everything he passed over in his flight was bespattered. Where he fell and died the blood had gurgled out and made a great stain on the grass. He gave his name as John Hanley, and stated that he was from Danville, Ontario.

Mr. Perkins had paid no attention to the other thief, who escaped through the back way and fled across the commons to the woods, being out of sight before any one gave chase or had a good description of him. Hanley was a young man of twenty or thereabouts, smooth face, brown hair, and dressed in plain, heavy clothes, the worse for wear, though he had on a fine white shirt and gold buttons in it. His hands bore evidence of his having been a laborer. That both men were common thieves and not professional burglars was evident in their work.

Cholera.

The annual scare about cholera has commenced. This fright is to be deprecated in every aspect but one. If it shall serve to stimulate the proper authorities to demand an unusual cleanliness over the city, an advantage will be gained in any event. There is scarcely the slightest danger that cholera as an epidemic will visit this city. Cholera is not a contagion. Physicians agree that it is an inexplicable disease, but no intelligent medical man will say that cholera is contagious. Doctors have inoculated themselves with the blood, bile and discharges of patients, in every stage of the disease, without harmful consequences.

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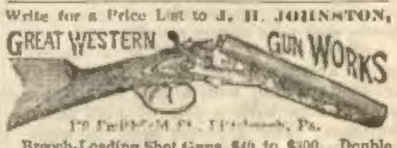

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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—We were not surprised when Mrs. Hotchkiss demanded a divorce. Mrs. Hotchkiss was a somnambulist, and after getting to sleep at night she would rise and grope her way down stairs to the kitchen. Then she would do the whole of the week's washing, and after hanging the clothes upon the line come back to bed. The next night she would do the ironing, and the next the sweeping and so forth. And always when she came down in the morning she would be astonished to find the work all finished, and she always insisted that Hotchkiss had done it for her while she was asleep. And Hotchkiss, the unprincipled scoundrel that he was, would smile and take the credit for it, just as much as she chose to give him, although he used to watch her get up in her sleep, and he knew well enough how it was. And when she would throw her arms around his neck and kiss him and tell him how very kind it was in him, that conscienceless rascal would say, "Oh, it's nothing, Harriet, nothing, my dear, I do it because I love my darling Harriet." Then Mrs. Hotchkiss would nestle her head on his waistcoat and cry over his shirt front, and he would stand there with the air of a man who was conscious of having done a great and noble action at the cost of fearful self-sacrifice. This kind of thing continued for several weeks, until one night, while Mrs. Hotchkiss was washing shirts in her sleep, a needle concealed in one of the garments ran into her finger and awoke her. For a moment she was bewildered. Then the truth flashed upon her. She went up-stairs. Hotchkiss was fast asleep and snoring like a fog-whistle. She shook him and waked him. He thought she was still in a somnambulistic condition, so he exclaimed, "See here, old woman, lemme alone and go down and finish up that washing." Mrs. Hotchkiss did not nestle her head upon his bosom then. She nestled her hands among his hair and yelled at him, and pulled him out on the floor and hammered him with a chair. And the next day she went for a divorce. They made it up afterward, but she stopped washing in her sleep, and has taken to blackmailing Hotchkiss for bonnets. If he seems indisposed to disburse handsomely she always starts for a divorce, and he succumbs.

—We never fought more than one duel. It was with a man named Blood, who was determined to make us fight whether we wanted to or not. When we got on the ground, our second said to us: "Do you want to kill your man?" "Of course not," we replied. "Because if you do," urged our second, "aim at that tree, three hundred yards to the right of Blood. I have seen you shoot. I know your style." "But we *don't* want to kill him," we said. "Oh, all right then," exclaimed the second, "all right; then aim directly at his heart. You are deadly with a pistol only when you don't want to be. I and Blood's second are going down to the bottom of the hill to be out of the way. Both of you fellows scatter too much for us. Call us when you are through." Then Blood and his enemy began. It was seven in the morning, and the battle raged until noon. Seven hundred and thirty-four shots were fired, and the bullets hit all the barns in the neighborhood, killed stray pigs, perforated several cows in the surrounding fields, lamed a ploughman in the left leg, barked the trees in the woods to the right of us, brought down a mule on the towpath close by, riddled the fences until there was hardly a whole board left in them, and flattened themselves against the rocks, but neither Blood nor we had a scratch, excepting a slight wound which Blood got by shooting himself in the calf with his two hundred and forty-fourth bullet. Then we began to get hungry, and we asked Blood if he didn't consider this duel almost too monotonous. He said he did, and proposed that we should stop shooting and both go and jump off a precipice together. We urged that precipices always made us dizzy, but promised to see him buried comfortably if he wanted to take the exercise alone. Then the seconds came up, and didn't seem a bit surprised to see us unhurt. Then they proposed that we should settle the matter with a game of poker, to ascertain whether we were wrong or Blood. Blood held both Jacks and won. So we apologized and went home. The next day Blood called to say he was sorry about the affair, and to ask us to lend him seventy-five dollars, which we did, and we have never seen him since. And now we regret that we didn't aim at that tree three hundred yards to the right of Blood and kill him.

—We have been both interested and puzzled by an advertisement offered by "Mrs. H. A. Robinson, a Psychometric Medium," in Chicago. Mrs. Robinson says that "upon receiving a look of hair from a sick person she will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and send a remedy which will permanently cure it." Certainly this is very wonderful. We cannot understand how Mrs. Robinson can tell from a bunch of hair whether a man is suffering from biliousness, stomach-ache, or corns. If hair has one appearance when there is rheumatism and another when there are bunions, what is Mrs. Robinson going to do when a man has bunions and rheumatism both at once? And suppose a man has torpidity of the liver when he sends his hair, but he gets well of that before the hair reaches Chicago, and is taken with fatty degeneration of the heart, will Mrs. Robinson treat him for his liver, and will he have to take the medicine? And if a man with measles sends hair in the same mail with that of a man who has mumps, and Robinson gets them mixed, what guarantee have we that the mump-man will not be deluded into taking the measle-man's medicine, and so die? And what is a bald-headed man going to do? Must he perish from disease, or can Robinson fix him by getting him to send a square-inch of his scalp, to be examined under a microscope? Can she discover lumbago by investigating a tuft from a wig, or can she perceive *delirium tremens* in a few hairs from a mutton-chop whisker? Can she detect cholera infantum in a chignon, or can she ascertain a case of lame leg in a forty-cent curl? These things are important. We shall not treat with Robinson until she gives satisfactory answers to them, and tells us how she does it.

—Some of the friends of a reporter on a Trenton paper called on him the other day, and, with a neat speech, presented him with a pair of gold sleeve-buttons. The reporter said, in reply: "Gentlemen, I need not tell you that this is the happiest moment of my life. I have the most thorough appreciation of the kindness which moved you to this act of generosity; and if I could summon up words with which to express my feelings, I would endeavor to secure from you a solution of a problem which seems to be too formidable to be explained. I would like to ask you—in fact, I—that is—as it were—I want to ascertain, you may say—I wish to inquire—to inquire what in the thunder a man is to do with sleeve-buttons when he has no shirts? My wife took my last one yesterday for a pillow-case, and I am now wearing a gunny-bag, with arm-holes in it." They gave him four the next morning, and now he is more convinced than ever of the power of a free press.

—We learn from a medical journal that the doctors have prepared for circulation in the profession a "black list," containing the names of persons who will not pay their bills. The purpose is to deprive such sinners of medical attendance. This reminds us of the case of Hillegas, who lived up in Montgomery county. For years Hillegas had been almost at the point of death. Broken down, emaciated, with his appetite gone, his lungs weak, his liver torpid, his heart affected, his legs paralyzed, his arms rheumatic, his head full of neuralgia and his back aching with lumbago, he lay on his bed for five or six years miserable, unable to move and expecting death every moment. All the doctors in the county had a shy at him one after another, and as he kept getting worse all the time it made him mad and he refused to pay their bills. So one day the doctors held a meeting, and after discussing the avarice of Hillegas, they determined not to look at him again until he settled up. They said "now we'll let Hillegas die. We have fooled with him long enough. He has either got to pay up or go down to the grave quick. No more Hillegas for us unless we can see some cash." So for six months they let him alone, and whenever one of them would drive past the house, he would pull up for a minute, look to see if there was any crape on the door, shake his head solemnly and say "Poor Hillegas; the obstinate old fool is not long for this world." But one day Dr. Jones felt moved by humanity to break through the resolutions, so he called at Hillegas's house to see how he was—perhaps to see him die. As he entered the yard he perceived a stout man lifting a barrel of flour into a wagon. Then the man went and picked up a four-hundred pound cooking-stove in the shed with one hand, and seizing a keg of nails with the other, he began to walk off to the barn, but seeing a stranger he put the things down and came back. The doctor thought he recognized that scar on the man's nose; but he couldn't believe it. Nevertheless it *was* Hillegas, perfectly well, weighing two hundred pounds, and able to lift the roof off the barn if he wanted to. And Hillegas hasn't paid those bills yet, while medicine as a profession pays less in that neighborhood than anywhere else in Montgomery county. People won't let a doctor come within a mile of their houses unless they feel perfectly well and know there is no danger.

—We do not know the name of the man who told the following story of Anchises Brown. If we did we would be perfectly willing to recommend him to any one who wants a good, strong, vigorous liar, who will hesitate at nothing. Brown, it is alleged, has a very bald head, and he used to permit his children to amuse themselves, while he took his afternoon nap, by playing tit-tat-to on his scalp with pieces of charcoal. One day the little ones grew tired of that game, and started to play "mumbley-peg" with a jack-knife, and at the first blow drove the blade half an inch into Brown's skull. Nobody ever ascertained who would have won, for the game stopped suddenly, and Brown took a turn at another game in which he chased each child around him with a slipper. He sleeps with his hat on now.

—We are glad to observe that the Wilmington *Advertiser* has begun to print editorials upon the subject of affairs in Spain. If anything will tend to calm the excited passions of the Spaniards it is an editorial in the Wilmington *Advertiser*. One such narcotic is more efficient as a sleep-producer than a barrelful of paregoric.

—Barnsby was leading man in the theatre at the city of Blank, Penna., and when the manager determined to bring out "Mazeppa" as a show piece, Barnsby was selected as the person to represent the hero. None of the livery-stable people would hire a horse for the performance, and so the manager said he didn't care, he would rent a mule, even if the presence of such a long-eared animal upon the stage did do violence to the proprieties. After a few rehearsals the mule did well enough. It would bound up the white pine precipice with an enthusiastic ardor which was most commendable. When the play was produced they trotted out the mule, strapped Mazeppa on its back, and turned its head toward the precipice. But it manifested a reluctance to move up the frowning cliff. It began to back. It receded until it reached the footlights, and then it drove out its hind feet suddenly, and kicked the leader of the orchestra clean through the bass drum, nearly killing him. Then it stood still and mused over things, and summed up recollections of its youth, and meditated over the fitful past, and dreamed of bygone days, while it occasionally lifted its off hind leg and scratched itself on the side, stopping in the midst of the exercise sometimes, with its leg half-way up in the air as some new thought seemed to strike it. Then the scene shifter jabbed it with a sword to bring it out of its revery, and all at once it began to pitch and rear and wheel round and round, and to reach its nose over and chew Mazeppa's elbow. Then it dashed through a canvas temple at the side, kicked over four muslin trees, tore a sixty-dollar vermilion sunset to rags, and nearly switched the eyes out of a Tartar chieftain with its tail. Finally it was seized with the blind staggers, and it lay down, rolled on Mazeppa three or four times, and finally slid over into the orchestra upsetting the lamps and setting fire to the stage, and bringing up at last with one hoof in the mouth of the trombone and its tail tangled up with the triangle. Barnsby was in the hospital for a month, and now whenever anybody asks him if he ever played Mazeppa he feels as if he wanted to commit murder.

—We have experienced a great deal of sweet contentment in this world, and there have been moments when our soul has been filled with perfect serenity and bliss as we have contemplated the tendency of the human race to decency, honesty and virtue. But we never feel quite so good at any time as we do when we pick up the New York *Graphic*, the New York *World*, the St. Louis *Globe* and other papers, and see copied there some of our best stories, with the name of John Phœnix or some other dead warrior attached to them. This happens with pleasing regularity, particularly in the case of the *Graphic*, which seldom permits a day to pass without attributing an anecdote of ours to Lord Macaulay, or Noah, or John Calvin or Erasmus. We hope the process will continue, and if the *Graphic* happens to run short of names, we will be glad to send it on a biographical dictionary so that it may not be reduced to the unpleasant necessity of printing the title of the man who writes the fables.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

FIGURATIVE PARTY. "So long as *I* am a man, sir, what does it matter to me whether my *great-grandfather* was an anthropoid ape or not, sir!"

VISITOR (taking it literally). "Haw! rather disagreeable for your *great grandmother*, wasn't it?"

MILLY'S JEALOUSY.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Milly ran down to the gate to welcome her cousin. She had looked up the highway forty times within two hours, and at last the stage had come without her seeing it, and the first thing she knew of its arrival was when the driver shouted, "whoa!"

She gave a last glance in the mirror to see if her "crimps" were all right, and her pink necktie straight, and then off she ran to clasp Cousin Jean in her arms for the first time in six years. Cousin Jean was the daughter of Milly's father's brother, who was a physician in a distant village. The girls were just of an age, and this was their first meeting since they had donned long dresses. Milly had looked forward for weeks to Jean's visit with eager expectancy. Milly lived on a farm in a dull country neighborhood, and this cousin's visit would be quite an event in her life.

Jean was very glad to meet her cousins, aunt and uncle, and they gave her a hearty welcome. She was a bright-faced, rather delicate-looking blonde, with a graceful figure well set off by dainty toilets and pretty, pleasing ways. "A pretty, stylish girl," is just what you would have called her: and then glancing at Milly, you would have called *her* handsome, as she stood there in her fresh lawn, with the white collar and pink tie, and her dark hair hanging in gracefully looped braids at the back and crimped across the low forehead. She *was* a handsome girl when she chose to make use of the charms nature had bestowed upon her.

After the tea-things had been washed and put away, the two girls went out and sat in the shaded porch. Sat and talked, and dreamed, and watched the sunset as only girls with their future all before them can. It was just after the sun hid his face behind a bank of purple clouds, that the girls heard the gate "click," and turning, saw a young man strolling up the path. A young man with a lithe, graceful figure, a pair of laughing blue eyes, and ripples of bronze-brown hair about his temples. A good-looking, big-hearted, kindly-souled, happy-natured fellow he looked and was. He came springing up to the porch, and Milly greeted him with a tinge of color in her cheeks, and introduced him to her cousin, "Mr. Reed, Miss Fellows. Charlie, this is my Cousin Jean, so long expected."

And Charlie bowed very gracefully, and then sat down facing the two girls, and fanned his flushed face with his big straw hat, and talked with Jean in a light, easy way; but his eyes *would* wander every now and then toward Milly. At last, when the first shades of twilight fell, he managed to get hold of Milly's hand for a moment and to whisper, "you look perfectly lovely to-night, dear." And later, when they had all adjourned to the house, he followed Milly into the kitchen, whither she was sent by her mother on an errand, and catching her in his arms kissed her flushed cheek lovingly.

"How do you like Jean, Charlie?" she asked, "isn't she ever so sweet?"

"Very pretty girl, and pleasant too," Charlie answered abstractedly, "but oh, Milly, *you* are perfectly beautiful to-night. I never saw you looking better."

Milly informed him they must not stand there talking nonsense, but return to the sitting-room. So very reluctantly Charlie permitted her to go back, but he managed to get a seat near her, and while he talked mostly with the cousin or other members of the family, his eyes were oftenest turned upon Milly's face.

"Somebody has a devoted lover, I imagine," Jean said, laughingly, to Milly, as they were shut in their room that night. Milly let down her thick, dark hair, and answered, smilingly:

"Charlie, you mean? Oh, yes; we have been engaged over a year, and are to be married as soon as he can get his farm paid for. I hope you will like him."

"Indeed, I *do* like him already," Jean answered; "and I am pleased to see he is so thoroughly in love with you. I am sure he will make a good husband."

Milly arose the next morning and put on an old print dress, with no collar, or ribbon, and twisted her hair up in a tight knot. She was then "rigged for her work," as she termed it. But in the afternoon she changed for the lawn dress and ribbons, and tied a ribbon about her hair; she did not stop to braid it. After a few days, she did not take so much pains to change her dress after dinner. If she was busy, she would make one dress do for all day.

Jean had been there four days, and at the supper-table Milly's little brother announced that he saw Charlie Reed that afternoon, and he said he thought he'd be down in the evening.

Milly had on her "working rig"—a rather scant calico, and no collar, and her hair was put plainly back in a knot at the back of her head. Jean asked her after tea what she was going to wear that evening. Milly looked up.

"Wear? oh, just what I've got on. Charlie has seen me so hundreds of times, you know. He doesn't mind. I never fix up for him. But *you* must put on that lovely blue tie you have in your box, and those cute little bows in your hair. You are a visitor, you know, and are expected to look nice all the time."

Jean *did* look "nice," in her dainty lawn, her hair prettily arranged and ornamented with the blue bows, the white laces at her throat, and the "blue tie." There was a great contrast between the two girls that evening, and Charlie could not help seeing it. Man like, he did not know what the trouble was, only that "somehow Milly didn't look well that night."

The next time he called it was the same. Milly never put on collars and ribbons, or braided her hair unless she was going out with Jean, or expected some unusual company. Charlie, happening in almost every evening, found her in her scant dress and twisted hair, sewing or mending, and pretty soon he began to think how *very* pretty Jean was, and to wonder if Milly wasn't growing plain. After a little Milly, who had a good share of jealousy in her nature, noticed that Charlie looked at her Cousin Jean rather more than was necessary, and when he was alone with her, very frequently had something to say about her cousin's nice looks in one way or another.

"I wish you would fix your hair a little more like your cousin's," he said one evening. "I think it would be becoming to you."

Milly straightway flew into a passion. She had been burning with jealousy for some days.

"Oh, no doubt!" she cried. "Anything I could do which would render me like Jean would make me more agreeable in your sight. You have only eyes for her, I've seen for some time."

"Why, Milly!" exclaimed Charlie, but Milly jerked her hand away and flew to her room. She had thrown herself in a storm of tears on the bed before she noticed that Jean was in the room. Jean came to her side and asked what had happened. Milly refused to tell at first, but at length sobbed out,

"Why, he's—he's finding fault with the way I wear my hair, and he don't care any more for me, that's just all there is to it. There! He thinks no one amounts to anything but *you*." And Milly gave a grieved sob.

Jean sat down and took Milly's hand. "Why, how absurd!" she said. "Milly dear, Charlie Reed adores the ground you walk on, and you know it. Do you remember the first night I was here, how he just looked at you all the evening?"

"Yes, but—but he don't do it now," answered Milly grimly.

"Well, no wonder. That evening you were an attractive object. I thought you a picture of loveliness when I first saw you, and can understand how he admired you. But in this old print, with no collar, and your hair in a plain knot, you are quite another girl. It does very well for forenoons. But there is nothing to hinder you from changing your dress and putting on a collar, and braiding your hair every afternoon. It makes a wonderful change in you, and it is a duty you owe to yourself and Charlie to do it. Every man of sense likes to see a woman tastefully attired. I was astonished when you told me the first time that you never fixed up for Charlie. You certainly *ought* to fix up for him while he is your lover; and when he is your husband, I beg of you *never* let him see you in this attire again unless you are at work. There is no need of his finding you so in the afternoon or evening. You have ribbons and collars enough to afford them every afternoon, and it takes but a few moments to braid your hair in that pretty way. Try this medicine, and I assure you he will never neglect you in the future. But it is no wonder his eyes turn from your ribbonless, collarless attire, sometimes, to my fresh toilets. It is not *me* nor my *face* he looks at or admires, but my attractive, fresh toilets. He *loves* you, but he cannot love or admire that scant, homely rig you wear, and who can wonder!"

Jean talked very plainly, for she thought Milly needed it. It had the desired effect. When next Charlie saw Milly there was unaffected admiration in his eyes. With a white collar and bright ribbons, and those lovely loops of braids he admired so, she was quite another girl, and far more attractive than her cousin. After a week or two she grew accustomed to this daily attention to her toilet, and Charlie never found her sitting about in the evening collarless, or with her hair poked back in that plain, untidy way, and she never had occasion to feel in the least jealous of Jean, or any one else. So long as she kept herself neat and tasty, she knew Charlie's eyes would never wander off with undue admiration toward any woman. And they never did.

No matter how well a man loves a woman, it is unwise in her to grow careless about her attire, for he cannot fail to notice it, and neither can he fail to see when other women are tastefully arrayed.

☞ The love of woman is gold that is tried in the fire. The love of man is too often alloyed with baser metals.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column.

X. Y. Z., (Baltimore, Md.,) writes: "Being an incessant reader of your 'correspondents' column,' I take the liberty of asking some information through you. 1st. What is the best thing for a young man to say to a lady upon being introduced? 2d. What do you think of my handwriting for twenty-one? 3d. What is the proper way of offering your company to a young lady from a company or church?" 1st. A gentleman is very apt to use the first polite sentence that comes into his mind. It is no easy matter to lay out ready answers for all occasions. He need only express his pleasure in making the lady's acquaintance. One of the most popular persons with the ladies that we know of, was a gentleman who had the habit of saying, in a low tone, to every lady in the room, "I am delighted to see you looking so well this evening." This simple formula is said to have had a remarkable effect. 2d. You write a very fair hand. 3d. "Shall I have the pleasure of attending you home?" will do, if you can think of nothing better.

W. H., (Mt. Pleasant, Wis.,) says: "Being in an inquiring mood to-day, I am going to question your corps of good editors, or patient, rather, (I presume both adjectives will apply to those respected gentlemen) in their sanctum. May I ask, please, to kindly oblige me by replying to the following questions: 1st. What marriage anniversaries are kept? and at what number of years after wedlock? I know of the golden and silver weddings, but the rest I do not know about. 2d. Can you favor me by giving me the separate names of all the studies necessary to complete a first-class college course? I believe an editor's time is gold, therefore will not infringe longer on his rights by depriving him of it." 1st. These anniversaries have increased in numbers so rapidly that it is hard to keep pace with them. It has proved what we may call a successful idea, and has, in consequence, been overdone. They are now, the paper marriage at two and a half years, the wooden at five, the tin at ten, the crystal at fifteen, the linen at twenty, the silver at twenty-five, the gold at forty, and the diamond at seventy-five years after marriage. 2d. Latin and Greek necessarily, and the modern languages optionally. The higher mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, history, and various other branches. All or nearly all, the colleges have now incorporated a scientific course in their circle of studies, and much greater attention is being paid to practical education than formerly.

CHARLES H., (Harrison Square, Mass.,) says: "Being a subscriber to your most excellent paper, and a constant reader, I thought I would take the liberty to ask you a question. Which is the best society to join, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows or the Freemasons? I have a great desire to join one of the two. Please tell me the advantages gained from joining them, and your opinion which is best." It depends entirely on your purpose in joining, which society is most likely to prove to your taste. By conversing with members of these two societies, you can easily obtain all the information concerning them which is allowed to be made public. This will enable you to judge for yourself which will best suit you.

F. M. B., (Cursus, Ga.,) asks: "1st. Where can I obtain the book entitled Fisher's River Scenes and at what price? 2d. Is the —— prize association of ——, a humbug or not? 3d. What has become of Edward S. Stokes, who was convicted of the assassination of James Fisk? Was he hung or not?" 1st. We are not acquainted with the work mentioned. You had better address some large book dealer in relation to it. 2d. If it calls itself a prize association, the chances are ten to one that it is a first-class humbug. We do not mean to say that there are not really prize associations, but the prizes generally come out of the pockets of their dupes and go into the pockets of their managers. 3d. The case still stands unsettled on a question of appeal. It has been decided adversely to the prisoner in one or two appeals. A final decision will be reached some time next month.

A NATIVE GEORGIAN asks: "1st. Will cranberries grow in Southwestern Georgia? Also, where can I get some, at what price, and when must they be planted? 2d. I have heard that *we Southerners* have smaller feet and hands, generally speaking, than you *Northerners*. Is this true? 3d. I wish to know if the Post was always entirely neutral in politics. I have been told it was once democratic. 4th. Will you publish the lines of 'Bonaparte's Grave,' for me? 5th. Can you tell me the author of a book entitled Four Oaks? 6th. Is it very impertinent to ask if Zig is married? 7th. Is "The Song of Home at Sea" a steel engraving? 8th. Can you tell me if any of the smoking tobacco firms would buy a kind of wild vanilla, that grows abundantly in this part of the country, to perfume their tobacco with. I have been told they will. 9th. What do you think of my writing and spelling?" 1st. There is nothing in the climate to hinder. There may be in the soil. That can be only told by trial. The cranberry culture has proved very successful in Florida, and probably would do so in Georgia. Of course you would need to understand its culture, the mode of flooding the land, &c. You can procure them from any dealer in seeds and agricultural material—D. Landreth & Sons, of this city, for instance—and also information about the time and mode of planting. 2d. We have heard it said, but we cannot vouch for it from personal experience. 3d. It has always been a literary paper, and had very little connection with politics. 4th. If you send us the lines desired we will take them into consideration. We have no copy on hand. 5th. R. Thorpe. 6th. It is allowable to ask. It depends on Zig herself whether you are answered or not. 7th. It is a steel engraving engraved by the Illmans, of this city. 8th. We cannot inform you. You had better send a sample of the plant to some dealer in tobacco, and request his opinion on it. 9th. Spelling correct, writing inferior.

W. M., (Iowa,) writes: "1st. When was Freemasonry first started in the United States, and where? 2d. When was the secret order of the Granges started, and by whom? 3d. What secret order has the most members at this time." 1st. The first lodge was started in Boston, in 1733. 2d. The order of Patrons of Husbandry was started very recently in the West. We do not know the date nor by whom originated. It took its rise in the opposition of the farmers to high freight charges on railroads. The Granges are, we presume, the name given to the lodges of the order. 3d. Probably the Freemasons—taking the world over. Though we are not certain.

V. C. O. W. W., (Canton, Mo.,) says: "I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. 1st. What ought a person to do when his betrothed goes off with another person when he calls on her, and when he cannot go to see her more than once in two weeks, as his business will not permit any more? 2d. Is a young lady justifiable in refusing to see a young man on business, simply because he did not speak to her on the street? 3d. Which should speak first on meeting, a young man or the young lady? 4th. How long does it take to learn the printer's trade, and what are the general wages paid to an apprentice until his time is out? How much does a good type-setter make a day as a general thing? 5th. How is my writing, compared with what you generally receive?" 1st. May you not be too severe on the young lady? It might have been a misunderstanding on her part. Or even if she knew that you were coming, she may be able to give good reasons for her action. Never be hasty at taking offence, unless quite satisfied that you have sufficient cause. If aggrieved by her action ask for an explanation, but be calm and ask in a kindly tone. 2d. No lady is obliged to see a gentleman on business unless she wishes to. If the rule was established that every person must necessarily see any one who claims to have business with him or her, we fear it would be considered a very irksome regulation. The young lady may feel no interest in the young man's business, and prefer not to listen to it. 3d. It is a matter of very little importance which speaks first. Some authorities say that the lady in certain cases should be allowed to speak first, as she might not wish to keep up the acquaintance, and it would be unpleasant for a gentleman to speak without response from the lady; while, of course, no gentleman could fail to answer a lady's greeting. But the rule among friends is to speak at once on recognition, without regard to which is first. 4th. The wages and period of apprentice depend on private agreement, and may greatly vary in different cases. Type-setters usually make from ten to twenty dollars weekly, according to position and proficiency. 5th. Your writing is by no means the worst we have seen, but might be improved.

SAN BERNARDINO, (Cal.) Mr. Grandle Hindle died about eleven or twelve years ago. His widow can be addressed care of A. M. Hindle, 206 South Delaware avenue. (We do not wish to answer private questions of this kind in this column, but only questions whose answers have an interest for our readers generally. Questions on private matters we would rather answer by letter, and, therefore, it is necessary in such cases that the parties writing should sign their names to their letters.)

M. L. K., (Magnolia, Ark.,) asks: "I want to know whether or not any provision was ever made by the government for the redemption of the old Continental money. And if not, what was done? All American histories seem to be silent on this subject. I think I have seen in some history where provision was made to redeem it at its market value.' Its market value after the war was nearly or quite nothing, and in the condition of American finances at that period the government was unable to give it a fictitious value by any provision for its redemption. The first action taken by Congress in relation to the finances, of which we are aware, occurred in 1789. Then a bill was passed to provide for the funding and gradual payment of the public debt. But it makes no mention of the paper money. The latter had probably lost all value long before this date.

WILLIE, (Greensboro, N. C.,) asks: 1st. "What is the right name of Christian Reid, the author of "Morton House? 2d. Does the —— continue to expose swindlers? 3d. Is the —— published now? 4th. What do you think of my writing, and how could I improve it? 5th. What is the price of Little Samuel, frame 0? 6th. What is the price of the ——? 7th. How long will the Exposition at Vienna continue?" 1st. The writer has chosen to keep his or her name secret, and far be it from us to reveal any of the secrets of the profession. 2d. and 3d. We do not know. 4th. It is inferior, but might be improved with care in writing. 5th. The price is one dollar for the chromo, to our subscribers. We have no frames. 6th. Two dollars per year. 7th. Until some time in the autumn. We do not think the date of closing is positively decided.

ROSE OF ASHLAND, (Penna.,) writes: "Will you be kind enough to answer a few questions? Where does Mr. Leroy Sunderland reside or is he not living now? Where can his book on Pathetism be obtained, and at what price? Can any one be made to obey by Pathetism, and must they do exactly as the operator desire? Is there really truth in its power? I have a son who is led astray by companions he will not forsake, and even becomes intoxicated at times. Please tell me truly can I control his actions and bring him entirely under my will by Pathetism? There is nothing I would not give to reclaim him. Since his father's death he seems to think he is his own master, and though only eighteen years of age, thinks himself quite old enough to do as he thinks proper, without regarding his mother or brother." Your case is the pitiable one of many another fond mother, and we are sorry that we cannot recommend some remedy for so unpleasant a state of affairs. As for the writer mentioned, or his book, we know nothing about either. This much is certain, Pathetism, whatever it is, has not made so much as a ripple on the sea of science. There is not a year, and scarcely a day, in which some theory is not advanced, warranted to revolutionize the world, if the world will only kindly see it in the proper light. But the cruel world shuts its eyes and stumbles on blindly. What a wise world we should have if mankind would only accept all the theories offered. We pray, however, that this influx of wisdom may not come in our time. It is our private opinion that if Pathetism was of any value, it would have excited some attention in the world, which it has not. Our advice is that you try to induce your son to engage in some regular work.

L. L. I., (Wyoming, N. Y.,) asks: "1st. Should the chromo be varnished and hung without a frame? If so, what kind of varnish must be used, and how many coats would it need? 2d. Can you give me a recipe for a silver wash or plating for worn spoons, and the manner of applying it? 3d. Can you furnish the 21st, 2nd, 20th and 40th numbers of the Post for 1872? What will they cost? It is part of 'Pemberton.' 4th. Who and what was Jephtha's daughter? 5th. What is the Pitcher plant? 6th. Can you give me a recipe for making a good hard soap out of common soft soap?" 1st. The chromo is already sufficiently varnished. It would keep in better condition framed: though, of course, that is at your own option. 2d. Take one part chloride of silver, three parts pearlash, one and a half parts common salt, and one part whiting. Mix well, and rub on the surface to be silvered, previously cleaning this surface. Use a piece of soft leather, or a cork, moistened and dipped in the powder. When silvered, wash in hot water slightly alkaline, and wipe dry. 3d. We have 40 and 41—not the others. Price six cents a number. 4th. Jephtha was a judge in Israel, who, in his march against the Ammonites, vowed if victorious to sacrifice the first living thing he should meet on his return. His only daughter was the first to meet him, and is said to have been sacrificed in consequence of this vow. Some writers claim that the text does not justify this conclusion, and that the meaning is that she was devoted to perpetual virginity. 5th. The Pitcher plants are a family of herbaceous plants, occurring in China and India. The leaves are terminated by a pitcher-shaped structure with an articulated lid, enabling them to hold a considerable quantity of a liquid, which is secreted by the plant itself, and probably serves some useful purpose in its economy. 6th. We do not know of any mode of doing this, and are not aware that it can be done. It is said that by the use of what is known as concentrated lye both hard and soft soap can be made.

S. K., (Monroe, Tenn.,) writes: "Please answer me the following questions: 1st. What is the name and address of the owner of the gold and silver mint house in Philadelphia and New Orleans? Be sure to give both if you can. 2d. Can you tell me of a book that will tell where gold and silver is found, and how it is worked? If you can, without any trouble, please hand this letter to the owner of the gold and silver mint, so I can hear from him, as I don't know his address." 1st. We are fortunately in a position to give you the name of the owner without any trouble, as he is a near relative of ours. We have a familiar way of speaking of him as Uncle Sam, and he is rather widely known over the country by that title. You see he is one of these good-natured old uncles that will stand a great deal of innocent familiarity, but get will not let himself be imposed on. Seriously, the owner of the establishment in question, is the combined people of the United States of America. It is in charge of certain servants of this great community, known as the Treasury Department, the address being Washington, D. C. 2d. The Gold Seeker's Manual, by D. T. Anated, will give you the required information.

P. T., (Grand River, Iowa,) asks: "Will you please inform me of the price of the work upon penmanship called the Spencerian System? I have taken a notion that I would like to learn to write legibly. Judging from this specimen don't you think I have need thereof? Especially as, judging from your correspondents' column, good penmanship is the rage just now." We are of the opinion that you took that notion some time ago, and have been practicing severely upon it. You do not need any aid from the Spencerian or any other system to learn to write legibly. Your hand is the best and clearest we have seen in any of our correspondence. The work in question is a series of copy books, with printed copies and instructions. It would cost but little, and may be obtained through any bookseller.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 77 letters.

My 21, 32, 67, 75, 30, 45, 2, 48, 19, 60, is a large city in Europe.

My 20, 10, 15, 12, 16, 70, 34, 58, was an eminent musical composer.

My 51, 69, 62, 51, 70, 76, 24, 43, is a city in Ireland.

My 6, 57, 66, 33, 53, was the muse who presided over lyric poetry.

My 16, 23, 14, 10, 15, 72, 31, 41, 9, was a priestess of Bacchus.

My 54, 36, 3, 1, 65, 13, is a man's name.

My 7, 59, 5, 34, 71, 12, 26, is a species of flowering plants.

My 17, 4, 44, 76, 25, is an animal of the deer kind.

My 8, 12, 22, 32, 35, 57, 38, 55, 75, 49, 68, 37, is a city in England.

My 11, 12, 67, 46, 74, 77, 12, 31, 73, 61, is a musical instrument.

My 40, 42, 39, 29, 17, 18, 47, is something pleasing to all.

My 18, 56, 27, 52, 50, 67, 63, was one of a sect of early reformers in Germany.

My 50, 61, 28, 22, was a famous writer.

My whole is a quotation from Tennyson.

Pleasantville, Vt. E. E. WOODS.

MYTHOLOGICAL LOGOGRAPHS.

1. Whole I am the god of war, curtailed and transposed I am an animal, curtailed I am disturb.

2. Whole I am a rural god, curtailed I am a name used daily, transposed I am what we do often.

3. Whole I am a goddess of night, beheaded I am an animal, curtailed I am a monosyllable.

4. Whole I am one of the demigods and heroes, beheaded I am a millionaire of the United States.

Fort Totten, D. T. NELOM.

CHARADE.

My first is a useful vessel
Commonly made of tin.
My next relates to "society"
And those who move therein.
My whole's a city beyond the sea.
You'll find it in your geography.

GAHMEW.

ANSWERS TO LAST

ENIGMA—Distance. ANAGRAMS—1. Senegambia. 2. Guadaloupe. 3 Sacramento. 4 Newfoundland. 5. Pernambuco. 6. Red River of the North. 7. Rio Grande de Santiago.

WORD SQUARE—

S H A M E
H A V E N
A V A S T
M E S N E
E N T E R